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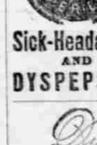

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FETTERS AND LURES.

He leaned upon the gate and peered through the hanging masses of vine tendrils that curtained the little porch that faced him, paused a moment, and then opening the gate quickly, in another moment stood upon the doorstep of the cottage. His step was heard and its summons answered almost at once by a young woman, who glided quietly from within and took his offered hand. One thinks, and thinks justly for the most part, that to see the greeting of a man and woman when they are unrestrained by convention or the consciousness of the presence of others, is to know what they are to one another; at least those of us who pretend to quick perceptions and keen deductions, guess the heart from the greeting. But there are men and women too, whose natures are innately reticent of expression, and to whom the instinct of self-control and concealment of emotion is as fundamental and essential as the blind impulse of the bird that waits for darkness and night to spread its wings, or the flower that closes with the first peep of day's obnoxious eyes. In such natures every impulse is subordinated to self-possession; rather than break the sacred seal set upon the vessel wherein their souls lie stilling and compressed, they will live forever like the genii shut within the narrow bounds of silence and secrecy. The man who took Amy Fortescue's hand on that lovely June morning of which I am telling you, was cast in his mould. And so he met her as he might have done had they been brother and sister, or even pleasant acquaintances; met her alone on an early summer's morning, in the soft balmy southern air, and yet no tone or look showed that he was her lover, more than that, her accepted lover. So it was.

"Amy," he said, "can you walk with me? I want to talk with you. I have a letter from the North? it came this morning."

"I will go with you at once, Ralph; just let me get my hat." And she ran lightly up stairs and returned in a moment. "Now I am ready," she said; and taking his arm, they crossed the garden path and wandered off under the live oaks.

Amy Fortesene was the daily governess of Mrs. Heyward's children, and the little cottage in which she lived alone, and which belonged to Mrs. Heyward, was but a stone's throw from the great house where the Heywards lived. Hither she had come but three months before, and here she had met Ralph Holcombe, who was the resident tutor of the two Heyward lads, and had been for two years past. He had turned to her eagerly at first because she was from the North, where alone he could breathe freely and be his real self. For his nature was absolutely devoid of a single chord that could vibrate in harmony with the South. Even the physical inanimate nature gave him no pleasure; the very air heavy with jasmine and magnolia oppressed him with every breath. The oders and colors cloyed on his senses without feeding them. He had no imagination to be touched, no germ of undeveloped tropical nature to be tempted forth. He was of the North not only by birth, breeding, culture, and conviction, but his fibre, his blood, his spirit were of the North in the broadest and deepest sense. So when this young girl had come into his life, she seemed a spring suddenly bursting forth in a desert, and he longed to drink deep of its waters; sure, they would be cold and pure and fresh as if they trickled downwards from one of his beloved giant snow mountains. Then he loved her. He did not spend himself for her or on her. He did not melt and flow and blend with her soul. He stood upright, unbending, and constrained her to come to him. He had no doubt that for her it was best—he knew he could trust himself—that his love was a better, surer, sounder thing than any burst of tropical fire, of Southern heat lightning. He could safely say to a woman: "I can on any hour, day or year, set hands in mine and trust to me," for he knew himself, and that he was strong enough and true enough to be leaned on and trusted in; and she had felt the power of his almost sublime egotism (for egotism is a power, and, in some shapes, the great working power of this world), and the sway of his will, and more than that, the need of his protection. So when he asked her to share his fortunes and his life, she said yes, and was glad to say it. Nor had she regretted it, for he had added much to her life and altered nothing that she cared for. She had dreamed of Love and a conqueror, a subsister, a glorious presence that came on the wings of the wind and made all things new, a new heaven and a new earth. She had dreamed of an essence which poured into her heart's springs, should trouble its waters; and she had even a vivid though vague sense of a storm not to be dreaded, a tempest of elements which made her heart throb wildly but not with fear. She had dreamed of a scene whose light would make even the plumage of these brilliant birds, the hues of these radiant flowers more intense and deeper in color—lend a subtler sense power to the magnolia blooms until they should make her soul ache with their intoxicating odor. But there were only dreams, and when she had a lover, and they did not come as realities, when his looks, touches, and words never seemed to have been born in that ideal world, she said to herself, "It was a dream of a dream; life is not like that; that is poetry, and all that a man or woman gets is in themselves or from themselves." Ralph had made life easier to her in many ways. It was such a rest to have the drudgery of her brain-work quietly lifted off her mind; such a relief to have some one to turn to when her poor little head got misty over books; and he was so strong and wise and calm. Every one approved, every one sympathized; it was one of the engagements that so satisfy every superficial requirement as to meet with support and satisfaction on all sides. Mrs. Heyward thought it an excellent thing on both sides; "and then, my dear," she would say, "Ralph is so sensible, so considerate, never keeps you up late talking, or lets you take cold looking at the moon; just as a husband." And, indeed, Mrs. Heyward's satisfaction was but natural. Ralph never led Amy into any of the sweet indiscretions of lovers. His passion for her never seemed to give him that feeling which fills the universe with its own image, and for the time can tolerate no lesser thought. They had no moods, no caprices, nothing of the torrent or precipice. All "still waters and green pastures," and Ralph was a good shepherd, watchful and tender, gentle and untiring.

"Amy," he said abruptly, after they had walked for a few moments silently, "I must go away from this place."

"Away, Ralph! where?"

"I do not quite know; to the West, I think. I have a plan for a school there. But let me tell you about my letter. My brother is dead."

"Oh, Ralph!"

And he paused for one moment to tighten the iron hand of self-control, lest his voice should falter. "He died three days ago, and my mother is alone. I must go to her, and she must live with me; she cannot be left alone."

"But, Ralph, you will not leave me alone?"

"Alone? Why, my darling, you will go with us, with me. I have not told you yet. The holidays begin to-morrow, and I shall start for the North. Two months—less, I hope—will give me ample time to arrange everything. Then I will come back here for you; we will be married at once and go to our new home in the West, away from this languid, enervating South. Then I shall be a man again, and we will be happy."

"But—oh, Ralph, must you go? I had so built on the holiday with you. I thought we could have such pleasure, such delight, such a real taste of the *dolce far niente*; and you know," she continued, laughing timidly as she saw a slight shade come over his face, "I care for the South, Ralph, and its flowers and fruits, its sun and air."

"Well," he said, pressing his lips together firmly and then smiling sweetly (a way he had, which seemed to say, "I am strong, but then I will be gentle too"), "I suppose you can idle and lounge to your heart's content without me, and I must go. For myself, I shall be glad to climb a hill and see a brown-feathered bird again. But, dear, I must not stay here now. I have all my preparations to make. I have said nothing to the Heywards as yet. I came first to you, and you will consent, will you not, Amy, to be *my* Amy in September?"

"I am yours now, Ralph. I have no one to ask; and if you wish it—are you sure it's best? The West is so far, so dreary!"

"Far from where, dear? This is no home for us—no, no. I will go and do my work and come back for my reward. And you will wait and miss me a little, Amy?"

"Indeed, dearest, I shall not know what to do without you—no arm to lean on or brain to teach me; no heart to rest in."

"I will come back to you and always be the same. It makes me happy to hear you say that I am these things to you. They are so preeminently what I think a man should be—what I wish to be to the woman I love."

"Well, dearest, you are all that to me," said Amy dreamily, and they turned back to the house.

"Till to-night, good by," he said, drawing her toward him by her hands, which he had taken, and looking deep into her eyes. "How blue your eyes are, Amy—

'Blue, blue as if that sky fet fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.'"

"What, Ralph! poetry from you?"

"Only Bryant," he said, laughing. "Sentimental, not passion; thought rather than feeling. A northerner like myself, and like you too, my darling."

"I don't know that. Sometimes I think I have a spice of the South in me," she said.

"No, no—a thousand times no. You are mine, and so right Northern—a violet, a wren or an edelweiss."

"Yours, certainly, and I suppose, therefore, what you make of me." And so they parted.

That night he came and bade her farewell, held her to his heart, and told her that he loved her more than words can paint and marry her, and take her home—told her so strongly and calmly; and she rested in his arms and bowed her head on his heart, and felt at peace and rest. So then good-by was said. The next morning Ralph Holcombe galloped past the cottage before Amy awakened, looked up at the closed lattices, and blessed her sleep with all his heart; then set his face northward with resolute purpose and calm assurance of his power.

A week had gone by—a week of perfect summer; the holidays had begun, and Amy had set her face to live as Ralph had counselled and desired her to do. She knew just what he had meant and wished for her to do that summer vacation—the course of study he had marked out, the regular occupation for body and mind, exercise for both coming systematically and steadily upon each other's heels, both followed by repose and rest for mind and body—and she had determined to carry out his wishes; had begun, indeed, to do so, and all had run on smoothly and evenly. But on that seventh morning she awoke later than usual, owing to the trifling accident of her blinds having been closed; and when her eyes opened the day was upon her, with all its wealth of color and odor. The slight freshness and simpleness of the early morning had gone, the sun had kissed every drop of dew from the flowers, and the shadows were scarcely visible. Amy stood an instant at the door of the cottage, and then plunged into a shady walk, where she could sit and read and not suffer from the sun. She settled herself in an accustomed place, but she could not command her usual power of attention. The day was to much for her. She had all nature against her, and she was not meant to fight against Nature, least of all a nature to which she was attuned, and whose influences she felt the more intensely that she was not a mere reflex of the indwelling spirit about her, but a being of complex and intricate harmony. She was, indeed, as Ralph had said, a violet, a northern flower; but there were possibilities in her soul, capacities in her nature, "hopes and fears that kindle hopes, an undistinguishable throng," of which he never dreamed, not being in his philosophy. The scarlet of one flower, the scent of another, would make her eyes gleam and her breath quicken as his never did. She was indeed of such stuff as dreams are made of." So this morning the soul of the roses about her went into her blood, as Mr. Tennyson tells us it may do even in temperate, sober England; and she lounged on her grassy seat, tried to read her task and did not, and at last gathered a bunch of roses and buried her face in them with a long tremulous sigh of delight. She lifted her head at last, saying, "Oh, how delicious you are!" and saw before her a young man. He stood motionless for a moment, and then came forward, saying, "I beg your pardon, Miss Fortescue; my mother sent me for you. I am Victor Heyward."

The words told her that he was Mrs. Heywards eldest son, Ralph's first pupil, whom she had never seen, and who must have returned home unexpectedly from the East, where he had been travelling. She collected her scattered wits, and answering simply that she would go to Mrs. Heyward at once, rose to her feet and started for the house. He walked by her side, talking easily and lightly bowed at the door of his mother's room, and then, as Amy put her hand on the handle, said with a slight hesitation, "May I, might I spend an hour with you this evening?" The simpleness and directness of the request took from it any appearance of singularity, and Amy answered mechanically, "Yes, if you may," and he left her.

All that afternoon, while reading aloud to Mrs. Heyward and walking with the children, her mind worked on this young man's looks and bearing, on what he had said to her, until he grew distinct and real with a curious intensity and vividness. She felt that he was part of the world in which she was living, felt it instinctively, as much as if he had been a bird or a flower, as clearly as she felt the want of harmony between Ralph and the atmosphere about her. This youth who had come in on her dream to-day had seemed the proper divinity of the spot; he might have been the spirit that dwelt in a stream near by, and had embodied itself in human form to people her dream with something more life-like than bright flowers and broad-leafed trees and balmy breezes.

Victor Heyward was one of those rare men who unite intense masculinity and virility to the charm and attraction that is ordinarily by common consent attributed solely to women.

At twilight he came and——but let them speak to us as they spoke to one another.

"Did you expect me, Miss Fortescue?"

"I did, indeed, Mr. Heyward. How could I help it?"

"Only that you looked a little doubtful of my intention when I asked your permission to come to-day."

"But I did not doubt you. I never doubt any one without cause; and that is not doubting them, but disbelieving."

"Heavens," he said with a sigh, "what a nature you must have, and what a life you must have led!"

His tone amazed her, why she could not tell, and she said hastily, "I have seen much, a man at least, and a man of the world too, who trusts his fellow creatures as a matter of course, just as I do."

"Then he had never lived, never loved."

"Love is not a fever fit, Mr. Heyward, not a morbid phase of feeling through which the soul passes. Doubt and jealousy are not inseparable from it. It is a wholesome feeling in a sound nature."

She said these words almost as Holcombe had said them, as he had said similar things a thousand times to her, which she had accepted as truth with auth rity, albeit no spirit within her bore witness to it. Victor's blue eyes grew deeper and looked almost black, as he looked earnestly at her and said, "You must have been a pupil of Holcombe's, as well as my brothers, that sounds so like him."

She grew first rosy red, and then the color deepened to intensity as she said, "Mr. Holcombe has indeed been my teacher in all I know of love. We are engaged to be married to one another."

As she said this with as much calmness as she could muster, Victor, seizing both her hands in his, as if by an irresistible impulse, cried, "Do you mean it? You are engaged to Ralph Holcombe! It is not so; say it is not."

She trembled with the contagion of his emotion, but tried to draw her hands away and said, "I am indeed, and you must not do this. How strange you are!"

"Listen he said, rising to his feet. "You can a, must not marry that man. You could love, you are made to love; and he is everything good and admirable if you will, but he could never comprehend love to you. How can Holcombe weigh and measure such a thing in his scales and by his rules? Love is not simply one ingredient, as he would have it, in a soberly compounded draught; it's a philter, a poison. It's not, as he would tell you, a bright thread in the sober web of life, scarlet relieving gray and brown, but the light of heaven shed upon the whole fabric till it all glitters like the sun, and every seperate thread reflects the divine glory in rainbow hues. You have read history, poetry, the romances of the world wise, well balanced, and reasonable, and self-contained, as Holcombe's definition would make them? Did Marc Antony's hand hold an even balance when he said, 'All for love, and the world well lost'? You have read poetry: pray tell me, did you think the thing that poets sing of was a creature of their fancy? No; we are all poets once, and that is when we love." He paused, and went on in a lower tone of suppressed emotion. "You will think me a player—a mountebank; you will even perhaps scorn me if I tell you the truth, and yet I must tell it to you. See, I never saw you till this morning. I know nothing of you. There is no sober second thought, no well-advised choice, no sense of congenial tastes and according views of life. Yet I love you.

"I love you as you were meant to be loved, with a love which would feed your soul. Did I not feel this, I should not have spoken; but I am not dull or unfeeling faces, and love gives a double insight. You were in harmony with those roses to-day, and when you lifted your face from them flushed with their sweetness and met my eyes, I read possibilities of depths to sound and heights to scale, which that man could never penetrate or attain."

She started at his words; they were too true. He saw it, and went on: "I love you with my soul. I cannot reason of it; I only know that it is true that I am yours, and life is all a different color. And I will not let you go without a struggle; I will fight for you, beg for you, live for you. You think this is not love, that it is unworthy the name, that it should be a calm self-controlled sentiment. That may do for some creatures, but never for such as you. What you want I can give you, not he!" And he threw himself at her feet, all aglow with fire and importunity. He was a lover to love, for his mood expressed itself in every look and gesture fully and perfectly; and with most men it is not want of love but want of power of expression that makes their lovemakers tasteless.

"Don't kneel to me," she said.

"Why not? You may never look me come here again, and one may do anything once."

"I must not let you; it is not right!"

"What is not right? You could not deny me a hearing, even criminals have that."

"The hearing has been long enough, too long I fear," she said. "You *must* leave me."

"Then what may I be to you, or rather what will you be to me, for I shall always be your lover?"

"I will be"—your friend, she was about to say, but paused. He caught the word as she uttered it.

"No; *not* friend, and another word for me."

She held out her hand. He took it, stooped as if to kiss it, then said, "I will wait; good-night," and left the room.

Amy sat as if in a trance. The perfect night came in through the open windows and filled her with languor and longing, and the life of the place seemed fled with Victor's footsteps. All through her crept the influence of his words, those words that had come not from his lips but his heart. She felt *that*. He had not thought of himself nor of his own position, only that he loved her; and his face, his voice, his very aspect blended with her dreamy mood. When Ralph talked to her of love, it was much as if he spoke of any other matter save for the words; no quiver in his voice, no fire in his eye, a sense of power and truth it may be in what he said; but he led her into no enchanted garden. But Victor—she had seen him but twice, and already her heart seemed fluttering in a mesh when he spoke to her or looked at her; and why had he not offended her? She should have resented his wild words, should have checked him; and then a smile rippled over her lips as she felt rather than thought that she could as well have stopped a torrent from taking its final plunge. No, no, she had been swept away in his headlong rush of passionate feeling. But it would not be right to listen to him. She had promised to marry Ralph; and she loved him; and although she shivered as she thought of the colorless Western life to which he would take her, yet no thought of faithlessness ever crossed her. She felt bound to him, and had a sense of involuntary responsibility toward him, more like that of a child to a parent than a woman to a lover.

She lingered long alone, and when she slept dreamed, as she had used to dream in days long gone, of "golden isles of Eden," and a current of passionate longing seemed to roll through her soul.

Perhaps the thing of all others that morning brings surely, and that one at once most dreads and prizes, is reaction, and as its sequence reflection. The ebb of feeling always comes in the morning, the high tide at night; and so the morning after the night in which Victor Heyward told Amy Fortescue that he loved her, brought to her a sense of fear and doubt, dwarfed her fancies and magnified her sense of the working by world, and made its briars seem thicker than ever. And this morning brought her too a letter, her first letter from Ralph since his departure, and it seemed like his presence, and constrained her to be true to his promise. For all his writings and speakings had a flavor of himself therein. He told her of his plans and hopes. The letter ended with a few words of strong, calm, possessing love that made her shrink involuntarily, as if the hand of Fate had been laid on her wrist and was leading her away from the path into which her feet had strayed that night. But the question, the great question that comes to us all in some shape or other, and which makes or breaks us as we answer it truly or falsely, the question of being here still, fulfilling her natures intention, living out her life, or of lying down in some Procrustean bed of her own making or another's, and then being stretched or lopped to fit some other soul's idea of life and perfection, was upon her; and although she was no accomplished self-analyst, she felt the pressure as plainly as if she had been able to express it in clear terms. And every avenue of escape was closed; the wait of her accustomed occupations, the season, Ralph's absence, and above all the unceasing "resume" whispered at her heart's door by Victor's voice and presence, all combined against her will. The days went by, and as they fled she unconsciously glided into a sort of languid, drifting dreaming, which in the morning's clear sun did not serve to discrete. It grew deeper and deeper Victor had judged her rightly when he spoke of the possibilities of her nature, and with infinite tact, that exquisite, elaborate, and yet imperceptible tact given only by love when it transfigures a nature like his, he ministered to her vague longings till they grew bolder and gained strength from the only source whence strength should ever come, by nourishment. He had not spoke one word of love to her from the night in which his first strange, violent outburst had seemed to utter itself almost against his will. But he filled the air about her with its invisible but potent spirit. The earth was charmed beneath her feet, and, like Ariel, he did his spiriting so gently that she never mistrusted or feared it.

They were of necessity thrown much together, for Mrs. Heyward treated Amy in all respects as an equal and companion; and this position which might have occurred to her in throwing her eldest son with an attractive young girl, who was at the same time an undesirable match for a man of his position, was of course put out of the question by the fact of Amy's engagement to Mr. Holcombe. It was but natural that Victor, who tenderly loved his mother, should be constantly with her; and what more natural than that they should form part of the daily life, isolated as they were from society from without? And Victor seemed a pervading spirit. The beautiful nature about Amy, the woods and flowers and streams and birds, all spoke of him and pleaded for him, and their voices were part of the same harmony with his own. It was not for Victor, but for passion and youth and love, that they spoke. He was but the embodiment of the spirit that inspired them all. But Wordsworth tells it best:

"Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers,
The breezes their own language lent,
The birds their passion-speaking bent,
And all the charms of earth
Into those favored bowers."

The very stars in their courses fought against her. Surely she had never known what the influence of the heavens at night could be till she felt it reflected from his eyes.

And Victor was no mean representative of the spirit of love and youth at any time, least of all now when he loved ardently and with his whole soul for the first time. Every gift seemed doubled in power as he bent himself to make Amy love him—or rather not love him, for love between them was a thing of simple recognition, but accept his love; not merely let him rule, but crown him king.

This he found hard to do, but the summer now by and they dreamed on, and Ralph still wrote; but as time went by, Amy wrapped and clothed in love as with a garment, was not touched by his letters as formerly. The divine intoxication of passion was on her; she was herself and more than herself, and yet merged in Victor. Hitherto when with Ralph she had felt that he dominated her, as she her; but now she felt that she was herself, only a glorified, illuminated self, and yet she lived only in Victor. She had lost nothing, and gained, it seemed, another life, which blended with her own without ever overshadowing it—a harmony of color and melody brighter and sweeter than any of which she had ever dreamed. But time went by ruthlessly, and Ralph wrote of the approaching return, and spoke of their speedy marriage and flitting for the West. Marriage! the word was not a joyous chime but a dull knell in Amy's ear, and she put it away from her mind. In the intense reality of her new life the past grew dim to her; the new existence, in which she seemed to walk on air, was a thousand fold more real than the barren commonplace of the days she had plodded through before Victor came.

It is a common mistake to confound reality and practicality; the reality of a thing depending almost altogether on what it is to us, and its practicality being based on what it is in itself. The moments when our ideals tread the earth and walk hand in hand with us are the most real moments of our lives, but they are in no wise practical. Victor, on his side, shut out all thought of the future; it would be treur to say that the future was shut out by the very fulness of the present. When he knew that the evening would be spent with Amy, he thought,

"So one day more am I deified,
Who knows but the world may end to-night?—"

like Browning's lover—and saw no morrow. Of Holcombe he thought but little, and that little was full of bitter antagonism. They had never been in sympathy, and Ralph's nature had acted on Victor as it did on Victor's counterpart Amy, with this essential difference, that instead of crushing it only excited the stronger masculine organization to revolt, and there had been war between them during most of the time that Holcombe's influence had been exerted upon Victor's character. Any one who has ever been swept away by a great passion will know how of itself it seems to suffice for everything; for the time it takes the place of memory and hope, it does the work of a thousand tasks and duties, and turns all desires into one channel. To those who have never felt this to be true, it will seem unnatural that Victor and Amy should have been content to play on the verge of a precipice, that prudence and foresight should have been hushed to sleep, that they should have known the inevitable end, and yet built unconcernedly on, as if they did not see the sea rolling in at their feet to sweep away the foundations of their palace.

At last the awakening came—to one at least. The morning of the sixth week of Ralph's absence brought Amy a letter from him, saying that he had accomplished his purposes with complete success, that all was now arranged; that he had obtained a place as professor in a Western college in a thriving town, and that thither he would take her so soon as they could be married, saying finally that she might look for him in three days from the receipt of his letter; and the letter closed with the words:

"Good bye, my little Amy, my own little wife. Yours,

RALPH HOLCOMBE."

The dream was over, and she opened her eyes upon the life that was at once so absolute a fact and so fearfully unreal and false. The lesson she had learned from Victor was not forgotten; but the task she had to perform rose up before her, as it was before Victor came. She set for hours on hours a great wave of sorrow over in alternate ebb and flow, and then swept it resolutely impossible. Not for a moment did she think of breaking faith with Ralph without his free consent; but at moments a vague hope came to her, that if she told him all he would see that she did not love him, and let her go. But then the great Moloch of woman's life, self-sacrifice for its own sake, rose up within her, and she thought, "No, no, I must marry him, and I will tell Victor—I will tell him that he must go away and never see me again." And then she tried by sophistry to persuade herself that it was folly, that Ralph was right, and so tried to play her own heart false for its own good—a practice not unapproved by many good women—not thinking how all truth must begin in being true to one's self. Then she determined to speak to Victor that evening, and as she did so a half-guilty quiver of joy went through her. She felt beneath her resolution that she was glad to think that she would have purchased one hour's indulgence of her love, for surely she might tell him that she loved him; might have him once more at her feet, as once, and never yet again; might take the cup in both hands and drink one deep draught before parting forever. And with the thought a flood of suppressed longing and passionate impulse came over her, which had been growing in her heart ever since that first night, and had never had expression. She waited for him alone in her little parlor that evening, and when he came he felt that a change had come, felt it even as he crossed the threshold and stood within her presence.

"Victor," she said, and his heart leaped—it was the first time she had called him "Victor"—"I must speak to you."

"Yes," he said, "I hear you. I am ready to listen," dropping at once the veil of convention which he had studiously held between them ever since that first evening.

"I have heard from Mr. Holcombe today. He comes back here in three days." She paused; no sound broke the silence. She went on hurriedly: "He comes to marry me in a few weeks and then I go from here forever." Another pause, and Victor's voice subdued and quiet, came from out the shadow in which he stood:

"Why do you tell *me* this? What have I to do with it?"

She did not understand him. For a moment she felt alone, forlorn, forsaken, and with a cry that came from her soul, she stretched out her hands and said,

"Ah, Victor, help me! Say what I must."—"From *what?*" he said, springing forward and catching her hands in his.

"From myself," she said; and then her eyes met his, and she knew that she had told her story in those two words—knew that they spoke her his, that she sought help not against his love, but her own.

She forgot all but that she loved him, and felt only that they were one another's.

In that supreme hour they knew that fulness of joy, that ineffable ecstacy of bliss that comes to human souls only through one another, and yet which alone of all God's gifts makes them feel their divinity and live an infinity, an eternity of delight in one short moment.

One such glimpse of heaven is enough to transfigure a lifetime. This they had. But when it was over Amy found the briars thick in her path. She had made a step that night which set her feet upon them. She promised Victor to appeal to Ralph, to tell him that she did not love him; and he had so worked upon her, so strengthened and inspirited her that she had hoped Ralph would not care so deeply, and would release her. After all, he was too good for her, and would do better with a stronger and cleverer woman. She did not yet know that the very pliability of her nature was her chief charm for him. He could not have loved a woman whose individuality resisted him. Careless that he crushed the flower, he was careful only to hold it firmly enclosed in his grasp.

It was agreed between them that they should not meet again till after Ralph's arrival. Both were conscious that along the barriers had been broken down between them they could no longer maintain the ideal relations possible till then.

On the evening of Ralph's arrival Amy went to the station on foot to meet him. She was restless and glad to walk. The train came in, but did not bring him, and she turned away half relieved and yet disappointed. As she took the wood path leading homeward, a step behind made her turn, and in a second Victor joined her. He made no attempt to account for his presence, and indeed she had forgotten that he should not be there. It was so sweet to see him, she could think of nothing else. They had a mile to walk, and before home was reached twilight had set in. Her hand was on his arm and his eyes melting into hers. When they reached the cottage he paused on the steps, and said, with his heart in his voice and his soul in his eyes:

"Let me come in for one moment."

The tone asked for more than the words, and Amy felt her resolution fade, when as she hesitated a voice from the door said:

"I have come, Amy. I hoped to find you here."

It was Ralph. They started, and Victor, hastily shaking hands with Holcombe, turned away, while Amy ran into the house, whither Ralph followed her. He said nothing of Victor, and was quite himself, perhaps a trifle colder than usual, but Amy felt that it had better be said that night.

And it was said. She told him all—that is, all that she knew, for she did but half understand the riddle she herself had made. She told him the facts, and as much of the truth as she knew. It was for him to decipher the rest. But her eloquence failed her. Under Ralph's glance the thoughts that had seemed to fit them alike grew exaggerated and inane. His sway was upon her, and she beat against his calmness as if it were a rock. He listened quietly, gr

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - APRIL 13, 1888.

MEETING OF CANDIDATES.

All persons desiring to be candidates at the coming Democratic primary election are requested to meet the Chairman of the County Committee in Armory Hall, Ebensburg, Pa., on Monday, April 16, 1888, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. to make arrangements for holding the primary election on Saturday, June 2d, 1888. JAMES M. WALTERS.
Chairman of Democratic County Committee.

NOTHING would delight the Republicans so much as President Cleveland's withdrawal from the impending contest, under a false sense of consistency and delicacy. He is too strong for them. But in this hope they will meet with sore disappointment.

THE Judges of the license court rendered their decisions last Friday on the applications to sell liquor in Pittsburg. Of 750 applications 248, or about one-third, were granted and about 100 held over for future consideration. Before the high license law went into effect there were 1000 saloons in the city.

THE Republican papers having asserted that Wm. H. Barnum, of Connecticut, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee is opposing Cleveland, that gentlemon nails the falshood by saying: "There is no stronger Cleveland man in the country than I am. I think he will be renominated and feel sure that he will be re-elected."

THE late Chief Justice Waite died a poor man, but he left an untarnished name to his children which is more than can be said at the death of some of the millionaire members of the United States Senate who paved the way to their seats with gold. It is said that the Chief Justice had to spend nearly all his salary of $10,000 a year in order that he might keep up the style that was demanded from his position. What a commentary this is on Washington society when a man has to spend several thousands more than is necessary for a comfortable living in order to maintain the dignity of his office.

THE Louisiana State election will take place on next Tuesday and although the State is Democratic, it will give us no great surprise to learn that the Republican candidate for Governor is elected. The feud between the friends of McEnery, the present Governor, who desired a re-nomination, and the supporters of ex-Governor Nicholls who received the nomination after a three days struggle at the State Convention, is very bitter and may lead to a Democratic defeat. A Washington city dispatch says: "The most reliable information received by the Louisiana Congressmen is to the effect that the Democrats will certainly carry the State, and if it should turn out otherwise it will be a very great surprise to the party leaders." A house divided against itself, however, cannot stand.

A STARTER in the direction of woman suffrage, as the bill provided for their voting at municipal elections only, met a peaceful death in the lower branch of the New York Legislature on last Tuesday night. The short haired advocates of "women's rights," which means not only the right to vote, but also to hold office, didn't know that their bill would come up that night, and with the exception of nine pretty girls and two wives of Assemblymen, only one of the eleven being in favor of the bill, there were no women present in the House to look after the interests of their sex. It required only a minute or two to seal its fate. The sub-committee of the Judiciary handed in a brief obituary of the measure and before its friends knew it the bill was dead, the adverse report of the committee being agreed to without a roll call.

THE intense anxiety for the presidency shown by John Sherman is making him a subject of ridicule in some quarters and caustic criticism in others. He is too eager. Senator Ingalls has had printed a letter at a very opportune time, in which he deals heavy blows at Mr. Sherman, who it is perfectly well understood in Washington, is moving heaven and earth to get the support of many of the Southern States at the Chicago convention. The Kansas Senator says in part: "I hope the Republican party will be wise enough to nominate a Union soldier for the Presidency, but I doubt it. Some prominent candidates are busily at work to secure the nomination by delegates from the Southern States, which cannot cast an electoral vote for any Republican. As long as our candidate is not selected by the delegates from those States which must elect him, the result will be doubtful."

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* says the President is giving much attention to the selection of a person of the requisite abilities and experience for the Chief Justiceship. He has determined, the correspondent says, not to make a promotion from among the present Associate Justices of the Court, nor will he take any one from his Cabinet. He has considered the merits of the many persons whose names have been brought to his attention, but they are beyond the age upon which he has fixed. The President has intimated to those who have conversed with him that he intends to select a suitable person, not over sixty, and would prefer to find one of fifty-five. He evidently does not intend to act until he does find some one fitted for the place, who comes within those limits of years. The President will not appoint a man from the South and I would prefer to go West if he can find the right man in that section. He will be in no hurry about making a selection and when he discovers the right man for the place he will name him. All of which shows that Mr. Cleveland fully realizes the weighty responsibility that rests upon him in filling the vacancy in a way that will be creditable to himself and satisfactory to the country.

BENJAMIN HARRIS BREWSTER died at his residence in Philadelphia on Wednesday of last week, in the seventy-second year of his age. At the outset of his career in life he acted with the Democratic party, but subsequently became a Republican. He stood high in his profession as a lawyer and was an eloquent and forcible speaker. During the first term of John W. Geary as Governor of the State, he held the position of Attorney General, and shortly after the assassination of President Garfield, and the resignation of Hon. Wayne Mac Veigh, then Attorney General of the United States, President Arthur appointed him as Mac Veagh's successor. The death of Mr. Brewster recalls his scurvy treatment by Governor Geary, and the resulting quarrel nearly twenty years ago. Geary was a candidate for re-election in 1869, his Democratic opponent being Asa Packer. The returns from Philadelphia were purposely held back and Geary was finally counted in by the meagre plurality of 4,500. Mr. Packer was urged by Democrats as well as Republicans to contest the result, but as he did not care for the office he declined doing so. As soon as the so-called official vote was proclaimed Geary asked Brewster for his resignation, which that gentleman at first refused to give and wrote a bitter letter to the Governor declaring that the demand for his resignation was brought about by certain men who threatened to count Geary out unless he (Brewster) was dismissed. Subsequently to this Brewster forwarded his letter of resignation to the Governor concluding it in the following cut and thrust style:

You write to me demanding my resignation, and assign no cause, but leave me open to imputations, to which I will not submit. I will not permit you, at the instance of a class you denounced to me as corrupt factionists, and one of whom you instructed me to prosecute, and after you have answered your own convenience and received my help, thus to evict me from a place I never sought and which you solicited me to accept, and which I have held with due respect to my public duty and my own honor.

After this course of duplicity or vacillation, to me it is indifferent which, serve with you I cannot and will not, and you may hold my office vacant, and fill it with whomsoever will be base and mean enough to run the risk of like treatment, or receive it as the price of some dishonorable bargain.

THE following double-leaded editorial from the last issue of the Washington *Sunday Capital*, an administration paper, shows, if the writer is correctly informed, that the newspaper scandals of the last Presidential campaign are to be surpassed during the one now approaching. The *Capital* says:

"Intimations come to us from various quarters that, in view of the existing probability that the present administration is to be continued for another four years, the mud batteries of the Republican press are being loaded up for a malignant and scandalous assault upon the President of the United States and some of the members of his cabinet. It is reported that, in the hope of influencing the action of the convention to be held at St. Louis during the first week in June, there is in contemplation a grand dump of the mud now being collected prior to the meeting of that convention. We do not propose to indicate what is the purport of the narratives with which these mud machines are said to be charged, but we understand that for atrocity and baseness they have never been excelled in the history of political warfare in the United States.

"It seems to us that it will require a good deal of courage for any newspaper to undertake the publication of the scoundrelly stuff which is now in process of preparation, but it is reported that encouragement in the work is furnished from high quarters. We hear it said that two Senators of the United States are among the abettors of the proposed attack upon the head of the Government and his advisers. Well, all we have to say is that the Constitution of the United States does not forbid the election of a fool to the United States Senate. We presume, if this report be correct, that these statesmen are so fully prepared for a public examination of their own private lives and family relations that they can afford to figure as the patrons and employers of a band of expert liars in the manufacture of scandals against men for whom the American people entertain the greatest possible respect."

ALTHOUGH the Democrats did not succeed in carrying the Rhode Island election last week, they reduced Blaine's majority of over 6,000 three years ago, to less than 2,000 for Taft, the Republican candidate for Governor. A reduction of 4,000 in the Republican majority, and that too on a full vote, dont look much like a victory for the grand old party, so called. In addition to this it is a consolation to know that the Constitutional Amendment abolishing the property qualification for voters of foreign birth was adopted, thus placing thousands of foreign born citizens on the registry lists. Heretofore in that State every foreign born citizen was required to own $134 worth of taxed property before he could vote for State officers. There are over 31,000 such citizens in the State, but as they could not vote even if they were naturalized, only a few except those having the necessary property have taken the trouble to be naturalized. It is estimated that about 5,000 of these foreign born citizens had paid the necessary taxes and were qualified to vote at the late election, and that 4,000 others had been naturalized, but could not vote owing to the property qualification. The law requires registration in December for voting in the following year, so that only the 4,000 already naturalized will be able to get on the registry list and vote next year. In three years from now at least 20,000 new voters will take part in the election. The Republicans opposed the amendment to the bitter end and the Democrats are confident its adoption will revolutionize the political complexion of the State.

JACOB SHARP died in New York a week ago last night. His death was the result of a complication of heart disease, bronchitis, and worry over the legal troubles in which he has so long been involved. Out of respect for the ancient and charitable maxim, "say nothing of the dead except that which is good," any comment now upon his alleged corrupt dealings with the City Board of Aldermen in 1884 which precipitated his downfall, would be out of place. A higher and supreme tribunal will pass judgment upon him.

Irish League Meetings Dispersed.

KILRUSH, April 8.—On Saturday night some policemen who were trying to prevent the erection of a platform for the meeting announced to be held to-day were pelted with stones by a mob and compelled to charge the crowd. Ten persons were seriously wounded with batons and bayonets, and two mounted policemen were injured with stones.

Mr. Tanner, member of Parliament, had a meeting outside of Macroom at 5 o'clock this morning. He there burned a copy of the Government proclamation. At 2 P. M., the advertised hour, he attempted to hold another meeting, when the police removed him from the ground. There was only slight excitement.

About 6000 persons belonging to the various league branches of Kilrush assembled at 2:30 P. M. There was a large contingent on horseback. The police, led by Magistrates Welch and Irwin, charged the crowd, injuring many. A number of triumphal arches were torn down. Father Glynn, of Kilmihill, was attacked by two policemen with rifles. A farmer felled one policeman to the ground with a blackthorn stick. A riot being imminent, the Berkshire regiment with fixed bayonets, led by Captain Lynch, charged the crowd, and many persons were badly wounded. Order was somewhat restored on the crowd being appealed to by the priests and Messrs. Redmond and Crilly, members of Parliment.

Mr. Redmond then attempted to organize the meeting which had been heretofore announced, but was prevented by Magistrate Irwin. Mr. Redmond protested that the Government's action in proclaiming the meeting was illegal. He and the priests advised the multitude to disperse.

Messrs. Davitt, O'Connor, Rev. Mr. Corry and other League leaders left Carmody's hotel, in Ennis, at 2 o'clock this afternoon, and drove ten miles into the country, followed by eighty Hussars under Colonel Turner. By a preconcerted arrangement Mr. Condon, M. P., remained in town to hold the proposed meeting in an unoccupied corn store. This programme leaked out and a cordon of soldiers was placed around the building. The doors of the building had been barricaded, but soon gave way to sledge hammers in the hands of the police.

This aroused desperate resistance on the part of the people present, and many were injured, including a reporter of the *Irish Times*. Fifty persons were arrested, among them Mr. Dunleavy, editor of the Clare *Independent*; Mr. Halpin, a Poor Law Guardian, and Patrick Carmody, a relieving officer. Rain is falling in torrents. Cavalry and infantry are patrolling the town.

Mr. O'Brien held a meeting at Loughrea. While the police were dispersing the people Mr. O'Brien spoke ten minutes. He called the police cowards for not arresting him instead of ill-treating the people. Mr. O'Brien left the Bishop's residence at 2 P. M., followed by a crowd numbering 4000 persons, and took his way toward a field outside of town, where a platform had been erected. He was met by an imposing force of police and military, which barred the way. Mr. O'Brien then called to the people to halt, and addressed the Magistrate to the following effect: "I wish to hold a meeting to tell the people the truth about English rule in Ireland, but no meeting will be held if it has been resolved to disperse the people forcibly."

The Magistrate replied that he could not allow the meeting to be held. Mr. O'Brien then insisted upon his right to hold the meeting, saying that he took all responsibility upon himself, and asked the Magistrate that if force be used, to use it upon him—not upon the people. A long colloquy between the two then ensued, Mr. O'Brien insisting that his arrest would end the meeting, and that if any other action should be taken the responsibility would rest on the police. The crowd then advanced toward the platform, and the police immediately attacked them, knocking down those who resisted.

The Presidency as a Reward.

Those who still cling to the prospect of making Mr. Blaine the next Republican candidate will feel their hearts sink finally at the announcement that Senator Stanford is in the field. A "personal friend," according to a despatch published in this city, "evidently by authority," gives this information to the public. Mr Stanford will come to the Convention, we are assured, with all the delegations from the Pacific Slope in his pocket—and if he does not get the nomination himself he will be in a position to name the nominee. It was hoped that Mr. Blaine would at least have some influence in the selection made by the Convention, but it appears that he is to be deprived even of this solace.

The Republican party would present such a truly beautiful appearance during the coming campaign with Leland Stanford at the head of its ticket that the picture takes a strong hold on the imagination. And next to this arrangement in interest would be the Republican party with the man at its head that was personally and publicly selected by Stanford.

It cannot be denied that it would be a consistent thing for Senator Stanford to demand the Presidency at the hands of the people. He has shown how the Government has been plundered by him into prosperity, and how, against their own ignorance, he has bribed the authorities into wise policies. He has asserted that the nation owes him a debt of gratitude that it never can repay, despite the fact that he has generously prevented the sense of obligation from becoming painful by helping himself to all the public money he could lay his hands on.

We are afraid that his calling his railroad account square and the mention of his name for the Presidency are all one piece of transparent and monumental bluff.—*N. Y. World.*

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Republicans and the Minority Report.

The minority report of the Ways and Means committee fails to satisfy Republicans. Its evasion of the main issue, so far as advising affirmative action, is its striking feature. But why evasion? For the simple reason the Republicans are divided, and the only point they can agree on is that of obstruction. The Philadelphia *Telegraph* is a strong protectionist paper, but like brother Weeks, insists the Republicans must move in the direction of carrying out the pledges of the Chicago platform. It draws this notable comparison between the reports of the majority and minority of the Ways and Means committee:

The majority report of the Ways and Means committee is a very able document. If Mr. Mills, of Texas, was the author of it, then Mr. Mills is an ever so much smarter man than he was ever credited with being before he became chairman of the Ways and Means committee; while if Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was the man who wielded the pen, the effect will certainly be to bring him a great deal more prominently to the front as a Democratic leader than he ever yet has been. Be the authorship of the document what it may, however, it was certainly an admirable statement of the case of the Democratic tariff reformers, and it is not at all necessary to agree with all of its conclusions to recognize the fact that it approached a subject of grave importance in precisely the right way and in the right spirit. The report of the minority—or of a section of the minority—of which Mr. McKinley is the reputed author, is, we greatly regret to say, not an able document; is not at all in the right spirit, and is by no means a reply to the statement of the Democratic case. Indeed, it is so little such a document as the occasion very imperatively calls for, that it will certainly leave the impression with the public at large that the Republicans do not meet the issue forced by the Democrats because they cannot.

That is it exactly. The Republicans are much divided—some of them insist nothing shall be done, others that the whisky and tobacco tax shall be cut off, others that tobacco and sugar shall be made free of taxation, and others again that the tariff on wool and woolen goods shall be largely increased.

The New York *Evening Post* shows that the argument running all though the minority report is that the interests of the consumer must in all cases be sacrificed to the producer. It says:

The issue is thus clearly presented. It runs through the report from beginning to end. No article is so necessary to the comfort of the people, nothing so indispensable to daily life whether to the poor or to the rich, but that the buyers must pay tribute to somebody, and as much tribute as the producer considers an adequate profit to his business. It may be tin plate, which is hardly produced in this country at all, and of which we must have $16,000,000 worth every year, paying a bonus of nearly 34 per cent. on it, or it may be common lime for house building, which has been produced here since the days of the Pilgrims—all must pay a tariff premium to somebody. It must be paid not for revenue, but upon principle—the principle that the consumer has no rights. Nothing could be more explicit than the assertion and definition of this principle. It is in direct contravention of the report of the Republican Tariff Commission of 1883. It is a doctrine that will rend the party in twain, if not this year, surely within a very few years.

And it quotes this warning note to Republicans in Congress from a leading Republican paper of Minnesota, the Minneapolis *Journal*:

If the Republican leaders of the House were conscious of the real intensity of the feeling among Western Republicans in Congress formulating a liberal tariff reform measure and placing the party on record in favor of an honest and intelligent reduction on the necessaries of life, they would not fail to submit some proposition in Congress. They certainly cannot realize the true state of feeling among Western Republicans, or they would see the serious danger in pursuing the present policy. It is producing a feeling of restlessness everywhere among Western Republicans that threatens party disintegration. This is not stating the case too strongly.

The feeling described by this Minneapolis paper is not confined to Minnesota. The Western States are honeycombed with it. It is not confined to the West; even New England is torn by it. Tariff reform clubs are springing up in Massachusetts and Rhode Island which cut across party lines with the utmost impartiality.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Powderly on the Right Track.

General Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, is moving in exactly the right direction when he asks for an educational fund for the proper instruction of workingmen on all questions which affect labor.

That ignorance has cost the workingmen of the country many millions of dollars, is a fact so patent that none can dispute it. A want of thorough, practical knowledge of the best methods of promoting the interests of organized labor, has caused two-thirds of all the labor strikes of the country, when clear-headed and discreet direction would have won for labor vastly more without strikes than has been won even by the few strikes which were in any degree successful.

When Eckley B. Coxe was a witness before the House strike committee in Washington a few weeks ago, after his examination had been gone through with, he was asked what he could suggest to tranquilize labor and harmonize it with employers. His answer was—"Better common schools." Those three words express a volume on the labor disturbances of the land. Just as men become more and more intelligent the more valuable is their labor, the more wages they command and the easier are disputes adjusted. Considerate judgment, not passion and prejudice inspired by demagogues, always rules in such cases and just as education shall increase among workingmen, strikes will decrease.

Mr. Powderly is making a most important move to advance and elevate labor by proposing an educational fund to diffuse practical intelligence among the order. It will diminish the importance and the profits of walking delegates and demagogical labor agitators like Chairmen Lee and McGarvey, who force strikes against good work and pay, but it will do more for the self-respect and prosperity of labor than any other method of industrial advancement.—*Phila. Times.*

SENATOR EDMUNDS, in a telling little speech he made in the Senate the other day pulverizing Senator Blair's bill that a certain preference should be given ex-Confederate soldiers in appointment to office, put the acts of the present and past administrations in this matter in a correct way. Senator Blair had argued that General Grant and Mr. Cleveland had appointed Confederates to office. Said Mr. Edmunds:

That General Grant appointed men who had been Confederates, and that this administration does it, and all that, has no bearing upon the question at all. General Grant did not appoint those men because they had been Confederates. He appointed them because they were useful and honorable and patriotic citizens of the United States when he appointed them; and so the present administration appoints people who were in the rebellion in the same way, not because they were in that, not because they have a right to be rewarded for it now, either by administrative action or legislative authority, but because there is oblivion on that, and without regard to their previous history in that respect they are common and equal citizens, with equal rights with anybody else.

GENERAL HANCOCK is safe under the sod he fought for, and out of the reach of Senator Ingalls' viperish tongue. But the superb soldier's friends and comrades are not all dead. There were enough of them in the Loyal Legion to reject the Kansas Senator as an applicant for admission to membership. General Hancock was Grand Commander of the Legion when he died, and the veterans resent, with manly spirit, the insult put upon his memory.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—There are 180,000 liquor saloons in England, 20,000 of which are in London.

—An impecunious negro in Savannah, Ga., stole a watch, and with the advance given him on it at the pawn shop, took out a marriage certificate.

—A year ago Saratoga, Kan., was a flourishing town of 2,500 inhabitants. Now it has but 150, and is fast becoming smaller. The removal of the county seat caused the decline.

—It is reported that the churches of Emporia, Kan., have generously decided to omit taking up collections until sufficient money has been subscribed to pay the salaries of its base-ball nine.

—Cincinnati is said to have more Hebrews in proportion to population than any other city in this country, or perhaps in the world. The Hebrews are at the very top in that city, not only in business, but in society.

—Queen Victoria point blank declines to pay for the special trains provided for royal visitors during her jubilee festivities. It is expected that the railroad companies will have to wipe off their claims as bad debts.

—The Chinese of Tacoma, W. T., import from Alaska every few months big boxes full of dried bears' paws from which they make a medicine similar to their dried lizard tonic. Bear's gall, which sells at $10 a pound, is also in great demand among them.

—The Vatican is the most polite court in Europe. Replies to all communications are addressed with the titles assumed by the original correspondents, be they counts, dukes or princes. The Pope never stops to ask whether they are genuine noblemen or not.

—The annual honey product of North America is about 100,000,000 pounds and its value is nearly $15,000,000. The annual wax product is about 500,000 pounds and its value is more than $100,000. There are about 300,000 persons keeping bees in North America.

—Marriages are not allowed in Russia before the male is eighteen and the female sixteen, nor are men over eighty or women over sixty permitted to enter wedlock. A fourth marriage is illegal. Priests may marry only once. Marriages in secret without witnesses are not valid.

—People are dying from hunger in some parts of Turkey. A correspondent explains that a famine in central Turkey resulting from drought, and in eastern Turkey from devastation of ten thousand square miles by locusts, is now culminating in utter destitution and death.

—A Missouri wretch dred a pistol at a passenger train near Rich Hill, and the ball hit a passenger. It would have made a serious if not a fatal wound but for the fact that he had a plug of chewing tobacco in his vest pocket. The bullet struck the plug, and was thus stopped in its course.

—Victor, Ia., has a St. Bernard dog that stands twenty-nine inches high, is sixty-two inches long from tip to tip and weighs 220 pounds. The other day he saw a little toddler making its way toward two angry boars that were fighting, and, walking in front of the baby, he pushed it away, and repeated this several times until the child's mother came.

—The Chinese wall was originally built as a bulwark against the Tartars, about 215 B. C. It is in some places in a ruinous state at present; in others, in fair preservation. In some places it is a simple rampart; in others, a solid foundation of granite. The eastern section is from 15 to 30 feet high and wide enough to allow six horsemen to ride abreast upon it. The entire length of the wall, with all its windings, was not far from 1,500.

—The new timber ship building at Port Joggins, Nova Scotia, will be launched in June, and will be 600 feet long, 54 feet beam and 38 feet deep. She will be constructed of 25,000 spruce trees, the sticks averaging 38 feet in length. The vessel will carry six masts, each built twelve feet into the hull and fitted with spring stays and shrouds. She will be square rigged, with fore and aft topsails, and will be fitted with anchors, rudder and steering gear. A steamship will tow her, with a powerful tug alongside as a convoy.

—An English analyst recently received twelve specimens of supposed butter, which he was to analyze to discover which was pure and which was oleomargarine. After taking what he wanted he set the twelve plates in his laboratory. Next morning the butter had disappeared from ten and on two it remained. These two were adulterated and the others pure. Suspecting mice, he set out other plates, some containing pure and some adulterated in various degrees. Again the pure butter was cleared away, the slightly adulterated half eaten, and the much adulterated only nibbled.

—A fire started last Friday evening in the lumber yard of Brown, Clark & Howe, at Williamsport, this State, and was not subdued until it had burned everything between Park and Maynard streets, and between the railroad track and the canal a territory of over five acres. Between four and five million feet of pine and hemlock lumber and pickets were burned, involving a total loss of about $70,000, with an insurance of $65,000. Steamers were brought from Lock Haven and Watsontown and rendered valuable aid. The fire caught from a spark from an adjoining planing mill.

—Three citizens of Fairmount, Dak., have been arrested for stealing a schoolhouse. The people of the district have long been divided as to where the house ought to stand, a part of them wanting it on the north side of the creek, and the rest claiming that it should be on the south side. The Northsiders took the house and moved it across the creek in the night. The next morning the Southsiders awakened and found the house on the enemy's land. The next night it was moved back to its former place. After the house had been hauled back and forth until it was nearly worn out arrests were made, and the building is now getting a rest.

—Wild geese in this part of the country, says the Baltimore *Sun*, were aware several hours before the cold wave signal was displayed at the Weather Bureau that the blizzard would strike Baltimore last Sunday week. A flock of them flew slowly over Baltimore just about daylight on Sunday, and their self satisfied honk-honk-honk, as they traveled toward the north, seemed to mean that spring was at hand. But in about two hours they returned in wild confusion, their ranks disordered, their cries discordant, and their only aim seeming to be that they might find shelter in some of the many nooks of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, where in safety they might ride out the storm.

—A dispatch from Palmyra, Mo., on Friday last, says: Yesterday being Arbor Day, the teachers and scholars of the public schools started, shortly after dinner, to the outskirts of the city to dig up trees to transplant in the school house yards. On reaching the old Primrose place some of the smaller children, who were in advance, gathered around a well and attempted to pump some water to drink. The planks on which they stood gave way and fifteen of the children were precipitated into the well, containing five feet of water. By means of a rope the teachers were successful in getting all but one out alive. Arthur, the nine-year-old son of Mrs. Lem Little, a widow, was drowned. Several others were injured, but none fatally.

—It is estimated that to collect one pound of honey from clover, 62,000 heads of clover must be deprived of their nectar, and 3,750,000 visits from bees would be necessitated.

—A farmer in Sumter county, Georgia, who is indebted to a firm in Americus, which held a mortgage upon a pair of mules belonging to him, which he could not redeem, consulted a lawyer to know if there was not some way by which he could save his stock. The lawyer informed him that if he were only a married man it would be all right, as then his wife could claim them as part of the homestead and thus save the mules, but otherwise there was no chance to help him. "Well," replied the young man, "I will get married then, if that is the only way out of it, but it seems to me that is a d—d poor law that deprives a man of his liberty just to save two poor old mules." And he departed sorrowfully and with a heavy heart to find a girl that would help him out of his trouble.

Bears Killed by Cold.

Ranchman J. C. Schiles will probably never forget an experience he had at his ranch near Piedra Parada during the cold spell in January. Mr. Schiles only went in last summer, and has a comfortable little house under the shelter of the foothills. The weather preceding the cold spell in January, he says, had been beautiful, and he was out on the range every day. On January 13 it began to get cold, and the thermometer dropped from 46 degrees above zero to 15 degrees below. On the following day it went down with lightning rapidity, and his spirit themometer showed 38 degrees below at nightfall. Each day for a week was colder, and the lowest point attained by the mercury was if his thermometer is accurate, 58 degrees, which was noted in the afternoon of January 17.

Mr. Schiles for four days did not leave the house. On the opening of the third cold day he noticed that bear and deer, which had been unusually plentiful during the winter, began to come down to low ground, and on the morning of the fourth day he opened his door to get some wood but was brought up at a close range by a low growl. Upon looking up he saw four bears within twenty feet of his cabin. They were great, big fellows, and Mr. Schiles made up his mind to have one. He got his rifle, but the bears seemed to divine his motive and got out of range. The intense cold prevented him from following, and after laying in enough wood to last two or three days, and filling his water barrel, he went back into the house and remained there until the cold weather had passed.

During the day the bears returned and deer and two antelope, the first he had seen in a year, moved down into the miniature valley in which his shack stands. That night the weather was so cold that Mr. Schiles was afraid to go to sleep and kept a roaring fire in the stove all night. The night was made hideous, he says, by the coyotes and bears. The animals pressed close against the house and he could hear them fighting for places particularly near the two windows from which the light emanated. Once or twice one of the animals, probably a bear, would dash against the house as if to brake it in, and the deer were heard uttering plaintive cries during the night. At 3 o'clock Mr. Schiles drew his spirit thermometer in from the roof by way of the chimney hole and found the thermometer still at fifty-eight degrees below, the same that it had been twelve hours before. He thinks it was a great deal colder and that the chemicals had been frozen. The night was a terribly long one, and at 8 o'clock in the morning, when Mr. Schiles awoke from a short nap the animals had moved away and the weather moderated considerably, the mercury showing only eighteen points below zero.

On opening the door of his house, which he did cautiously, he saw two bears, a deer and a coyote lying on the ground. The deer and coyote had been killed during the night by the bears, but the two bears had no marks and had evidently frozen to death, as their bodies were rigid.—*Denver News.*

Fire at a Bull Fight.

CITY OF MEXICO, April 4.—Dispatches form Celaya give details of a frightful calamity in that city. Sunday afternoon, shortly before 5 o'clock, the bull ring was crowded with spectators of the great national sport. The company of bull-fighters from Leon were still playing with the first bull when a fire suddenly broke out on the sunny side of the plaza.

A panic seized upon the vast assemblage, and a frightful spectacle was the result. The plaza was constructed of wooden masts, reeds, etc., and it was due to this fact that a majority of the people escaped without injury, being able to force an opening permitting an exit at different points, but many women and children jumped from the top, a distance of 20 to 30 feet, and over 100 of them were seriously wounded. Eighteen lives were lost.

The sides of the plaza being lined with matting as dry as tinder and there being a slight wind blowing, the amphitheatre was in a blaze in a few seconds. Nine bodies, in some cases charred as to be unrecognizable, have so far been taken from the smoking ruins. Nine persons were so badly burned that they died yesterday. This makes 18 deaths, but 68 persons were very badly burned, and at least 10 of them will die.

The building was fired by an army deserter, a number of whom were present under guard, and who escaped in the panic.

Shot by His Girl's Brother.

PARIS, Tenn., April 7.—Kennedy Porter a son of Ex-Governor Porter, was shot and probably fatally wounded here Thursday night about 11 o'clock by Will Edmunds. The origin of the difficulty is supposed to be the attention of young Porter to Edmunds, sister, which the latter objected to, and had frequently threatened to kill him if he did not desist. Porter had been out driving with Edmund's sister that night, and had returned the team to the stable and had started up Depot street towards the square, when he met Edmunds about the Blanton House, who told him that he was going to defend himself.

Edmunds then fired, the ball, a 38-calibre, striking Porter in the left breast just below the collar-bone, ranging downward. On hearing the threat Porter drew his pistol, but too late. On being shot Porter fell and was soon after removed to his father's residence, where he now lies in a precarious condition. Drs. W. F. and J. H. Porter and Wm. Bright, of Huntingdon, were summoned. The wound has not as yet been probed. There were no eye-witnesses to the shooting.

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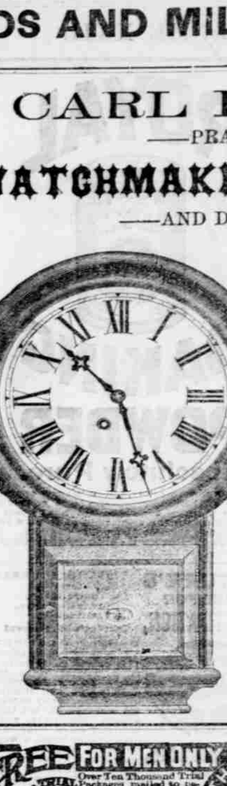

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FRIDAY, - - APRIL 13, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Mrs. R. L. Davis, of this place, is laid up with rheumatism.

—Mrs. John A. Blair is visiting friends and relatives in Altoona.

—Ex-Sheriff Blair last week received his pension as a Mexican survivor.

—Mr. E. C. Parrish purchased a field in Cambria township from Mr Bart McCabe.

—It is said that quite a number of houses will be erected in this place during the coming summer.

—The Cherrytree test well is down about 825 feet and two small veins of gas have been struck.

—Mr. Edward Dunegan, of St. Augustine, Pa., is visiting friends in this place the present week.

—Mr. Harry Crawford, of New York City, formerly of this place, was in town during the present week.

—Mr. Joseph Bearer has broken ground for the erection of a new house on his farm in Carroll township.

—The public schools in this place, with the exception of one room, closed in the early part part of this week.

—The publication of the Treasurer's sales of lands for unpaid taxes, crowds out a number of local items and communications.

—Mr. David Davis, of Woodvale, formerly of this place, was circulating among relatives and friends in this place on Wednesday.

—Mr. William Kimball, of the firm of Brown & Kimball, of this place, is lying seriously ill at the Central House with inflammation of the lungs.

—Messrs. J. A. and T. B. O'Hara, of this place, on Wednesday sold out their livery stable to Mr. J. B. Denny, who will conduct the business in the future.

—The pupils of the St. Augustine school will give an entertainment in the hall at that place on Saturday evening, April 14, 1888. All are cordially invited.

—A corps of engineers is at work on the headwaters of Blacklick, and it is intimated that a railroad will be built down that stream before many months.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—The city fathers of Carrolltown intend investing the revenue accruing to the borough under the provisions of the new license law, in building water works for the town.

—H. H. Myers, Esq., of this place, has been drawn as a Grand Juror for the May term of United States District Court, to be held at Pittsburg on the first Monday of May next.

—The Postmaster General has informed Congress that among the claims of postmasters for losses of Government funds, that of Peter McGough, of Portage, by burglary is disallowed, as the loss resulted from negligence.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Dvison.

—A lot of household furniture, consisting of beds and bedding, chairs, tables, dishes, carpets, and a lot of other articles too numerous to mention will be sold at the residence of David R. Jones, about two miles northeast of Ebensburg, on (to-day), (Friday), at 2 o'clock.

—A Normal School for teachers will open at Loretto, in the public school building, about the latter part of April. Competant teachers will have charge. Good boarding can be secured at low rates. For further information address W. A. B. Little or W. W. McAteer, Loretto, Pa.

—The store room of Maurice Nathan, on Main street, Johnstown, was burgularized on Tuesday night, or Wednesday morning and goods valued at about $1000 were carried off. The goods taken consisted of watches, revolvers, jewelry, etc. The entrance was effected by boring a panel out of the back door.

—On Tuesday evening lightning struck the house occupied by Clement Mock, on Third street, Altoona, passing down the chimney and knocking the stovepipe to the floor, filling the rooms with soot and smoke. Mrs. Mock received a slight shock, but her three children, who were in the room with her, were uninjured.

—The Normal School, of this place, will open next Monday morning. Students will meet in school building, at 10 o'clock for enrollment and classification. The prospects are encouraging for a large school. Where two or more attend from the same family, there will be a reduction made from the regular tuition of $6.

—Mr. Adam Miller, one of Elder township's good citizens, was in town on Monday. Mr. Miller's farm adjoins the new town of Hastings, and he has already laid out and disposed of a number of lots to parties purchasing with the expectation that there will be a boom in real estate in that vicinity in the near future.

—We learn that the steam saw mill of Mr. Michael Bracken, of Gallitzin, situated about three miles north of that place on the Cresson & Clearfield railroad, was destroyed by fire on Monday night. The loss is estimated at $4,000. It is the third steam saw mill that Mr. Bracken has lost by fire within the last five years.

—The Loretto Merchandise Company now offers their entire stock, consisting of dry goods, dress goods, hardware, queensware, ladies', men's and childrens shoes, hats and caps at cost to close out. Many goods at less than present wholesale price. All persons indebted to the firm are requested to call and settle their accounts before May 1st.

—On Friday last Mr. John Cunningham, of Cambria township, while working on his steam saw mill, attempted to move the saw guide while the saw was in motion. He made a misstroke in some way and his hand, coming in contact with the saw, was badly lacerated. It was at first thought that he would lose a couple of his fingers, but we understand the physicians now have hopes of saving them.

—On Tuesday night of last week George Russell, of near Cookport, broke into Dr. Geo. Martin's drug store, and carried off about $4 00 in money, a few pieces of old coins, three razors and three knives. He was arrested on Wednesday at his home in Green township and brought back to Cherrytree, where he admitted that he had taken the articles mentioned. He gave bail for his appearance at court.—*Cherrytree Record.*

—To aid the boroughs and townships in receiving their share of the liquor license fund the Treasurer of Cambria county, requires, that the council of each borough shall authorize the borough treasurer to receive and receipt for the money due from liquor license. A certificate of such resolution under the borough seal and attested by the clerk, must be presented to the County Treasurer, showing such authority. Upon presentation of such certificate the County Treasurer will pay out the said fund. In townships the whole amount will be paid to either supervisor on presentation of an order signed by the other supervisor.

A Communication from Gable & Co., to You.

We want every reader of this paper to visit our store soon and see our large stock of new, choice goods in all departments. We also want you to examine the quality of our goods and note the low prices at which we sell them. We draw the line on trashy goods (won't handle them) and give you the best possible value in the market for your money. We are a strictly one price store; no favoritism and no credit. We pay cash for the goods we buy and get the benefit of it; we get cash for the goods we sell and give you the benefit of it. We want you to see our new Dress Goods, 5c. to $1.25 per yard and our new Calicoes, Peicales, Ginghams, Satines, etc., 3 3-4c. to 37 1-2c. per yard. Embroideries, (our own importation) 1c. to $2.50 per yard and Stockings, Gloves, Table Linens, Curtain Laces, Ribbons, Notions, etc., etc. Visit our store.

Wm. F. Gable & Co., 1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Penn'a.

—In their proper place in this issue will be found the cards of Hon. D. McLaughlin, of Johnstown, and Hon. John S. Rhey, of Ebensburg, as candidates for Assembly. They are both too well known to the people of Cambria to need an introduction, having served in the last House of Representatives, and if renominated and elected in accordance with established precedent the county will be ably represented and the interests of the people ably taken care of.

—Oscar K., a little child of Mr. and Mrs. William Fagan, of Johnstown, died on last Friday morning, aged about two years, and on Tuesday their only remaining child, Jeremiah C., aged about four years died. The remains of Oscar were brought to this place for interment on Saturday and were followed on Wednesday by the remains of Jeremiah. Mr. and Mrs. Fagan have lost five children, their whole family within the last month and have the sympathy of the community in their dire distress.

—About half past five o'clock on Monday evening fire was discovered in the stable belonging to Mr. James Gallagher, on Julian street, and before anything could be done to stay the flames the structure was all on fire and soon burned down. Mr. Jacob Squires, who was the first man to arrive at the building after the discovery of the fire, succeeded in getting out a cow that was in the stable. The building contained about half a ton of hay. The origin of the fire is a mystery. A granddaughter of Mr Gallagher was at the stable milking, a short time before the fire and when she left there was nothing wrong.

—A coop of eight Antwerp carrier pigeons was sent from Philadelphia to Meadville last week, with instructions to the consignee, John McFarland, to free the birds. He turned them loose Sunday morning at 7 o'clock. In less than two minutes after the birds began circling upward they took their direction and started on their long journey to the Quaker City. At 3:25 p. m. a dispatch was received from Mr. Stein, one of the owners, stating that the first of the birds struck his loft in Philadelphia at 12:22, making the length of the State in 5 hours and 25 minutes. Four other birds came in 20 minutes later, and two young ones were still out. The time was remarkably good considering that the day was cold and murky, a chilling rain at times prevailing.

—A Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Times*, says: The inhabitants of the Upper Loop Blair county, are terribly excited by the nightly antics of a ball of fire which has been seen to come out of the ground at the root of a tree on one of the Wertz farms. The mysterious ball of fire raises in the air, floats gently up and down and suddenly rises perpendicular and then explodes, sending out sparks like an exploded rocket. This mysterious fire bug generally comes up at the root of a tree. Recently the tree was cut down since which time the mysterious fire has changed its base and pops up in many different places. Quite a number of our citizens have driven out to the haunted spot and all confirm the report given by the mystified men and frightened women and children in that vicinity.

Items from Lilly.

LILLY, Pa., April 11th, 1888.

ED. FREEMAN.—The term of public schools in our borough, taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph, will close on Friday, April 13th, after a quite successful term.

Rev. Father Brown, of St. Bridget's church, this place, was able to be visable on our streets on Tuesday.

Miss Annie, oldest daughter of John Jr., and Mary Leahey, as well as Mrs. Catharine Ryan, aunt of Mr. John Leahey, Jr., are visiting friends and relatives in the smoky city.

The mines here are running about half time and still the operators want to reduce the wages to impoverish the poor laborers. There is another world where the scripture says, "They must pay every farthing." Why not pay it here to the needy?

Ace and six always wins. It is a new game gotten up lately to make "whistle money." Isn't it Pete?

Night miscreants stealing wood from various places had better "let up on it" or their names will be given through the various papers of the county, with their past and present records.

Thompson's Hall, on Monday evening, April 16th, 1888, will be the scene of a grand hop, under the auspices of the Lilly Cornet Band.

It is the intention of the Sisters of St. Joseph to open out a summer school. Tuition $1.00 per month for those who are able to pay, and those not able will be taught for whatever they can give according to their means. They wish all to attend, Protestants as well as Catholics.

Our genial friend and baker, Joseph Rainey, recently received a large invoice of groceries, provisions, etc. Joe intends running a store in connection with his bakery, and we wish him success.

Henry Ehrenfeld is about to embark in the manufacture of soap. If there is any money in the business Henry has the grip to squeeze it out.

The Messrs. Benfords, of Johnstown, have about completed the schutes at Wm. H. Piper & Co.'s new mine near Lillys.

Joshua Aurandt, clerk at W. H. Piper & Co.'s mines at Lillys, is laid up and not able to be at his desk. Mr. Wm. Kelly, late operator for the P. R. R., at this place has relieved him until able to be about again.

X.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, April 11, 1888:

Philip Marchal and Charlotte Smith, Johnstown.

John B. Carter, Johnstown and Pamilla A. Hoover, Ebensburg.

Frank Clayton Stine, and Ella W. Kuhn, Reade township.

George Harvey, Gallitzin, Pa., and Mary E. Stevens, Chest Springs.

Charles E Springer, Altoona, Pa., and Mollie Bunn, Lilly.

Patrick Biggin, Cambria and Bridget Carroll, Bolivar, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

Frank Perryhouski and Veronica Leechowski, Gallitzin.

John A. Buck and Alice Skelly, Gallitzin.

William H. Harmony and Anna Heiriegel, Conemaugh.

Theodore Werner and Bertha Bishop, Johnstown.

I Suffered

from a severe cold in my head for months and used everything recommended, but could get no relief. Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my cold after using the Balm one week, and believe it is the best remedy known. Feeling grateful for what it has done for me I send this testimonial.—Samuel J. Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.

Ely's Cream Balm is worth its weight in gold as a cure for catarrh. One bottle cured me.—S. A. Lovell, Franklin, Pa.

Resolutions of the Sunday-School of the Church of Christ, at Ebensburg.

On Sunday, April 8, 1888, the Sunday-school of the Church of Christ, at Ebensburg, of which little Cora, Emma, and Rhoda Fagan, whose untimely deaths occurred recently at Johnstown, were faithful members, unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, In the providence of the good Father in Heaven, it hath pleased Him in His infinite wisdom to remove from this world and from the parental care of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Fagan there three little daughters, Cora, Emma, and Rhoda, and to take them into His own loving care in the unseen world above; and,

WHEREAS, While living here they were so faithful in their attendance at Sunday-school, and always appeared to take such delight in all the exercises, and when they went away about a year ago, we missed so much their smiling faces among us; and,

WHEREAS, They now have been taken away so suddenly from earth and its sorrows (the three taken in four days) to that beautiful home above prepared by the loving Savior, where we shall see them no more on this world, but hope to do so when we are to be here no more; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we as a school do sincerely mourn the departure of our little friends whom we had learned to love, and by this act do wish to manifest and to extend to the sorrowing parents our earnest and heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this sad hour of their bereavement and affliction.

Resolved, That while we are trying to serve the loving Jesus, who took in His arms and blessed little children, and spoke in the highest terms of love and appreciation of them while here on earth, and finally gave His life a ransom for the world, we would most earnestly direct the mourning parents to this same loving Jesus for comfort and consolation in this dark hour of trouble and sorrow, and most sincerely and prayerfully ask them to lean upon his strong arm of love and mercy, feeling very confident that they will obtain the comfort and solace they so much need and desire in the the blessed words of cheer that he has spoken, and in the precious promises of love that he has given.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved parents, and that a copy of them be preserved in the files of the Sunday School, and that they be given to the papers of Ebensburg and the Johnstown *Tribune* for publication.

By order of the Sunday School.

B. A. BOWEN, Superintendent.
MRS. MAGGIE KAUFS, Secretary.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Married.

HARVEY.—STEVENS.—Married at St. Augustine, on Tuesday, April 10th, 1888, by Rev. M. Ryan, Mr. George Harvey, of Gallitzin, to Miss Mary E. Stevens, of Chest Springs.

The groom is one of Gallizin's best citizens, honest, upright, and industrious, and the bride is a lady of culture, of amiable disposition, and will be a true helpmate to her husband. We wish them a long life of prosperity and happiness. M.

Died.

STORM.—Died at Cresson on Thursday, April 5th, 1888, Catharine Ellen, infant daughter of Michael and Margaret Storm, aged 1 year 5 months and 20 days.

A precious one from us has gone.
A voice we loved is stilled.
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.
God in his wisdom has recalled
The boon his love had given,
And though the body molders here
The soul is safe in heaven. M. E. S.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate.

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, Pa., to me directed I will expose to public sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, Pa., on

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, '88

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

All those two certain lots of ground situate in the West Ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., fronting 132 feet on High street on the north and running back 264 feet along Mary Ann street on the east to Lloyd street, along Lloyd street on the south, and adjoining lot of Richard Tudor on the west, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, a frame stable, a wagon shed and all necessary outbuildings.

Also, all that certain lot of ground situate in the West Ward of said borough of Ebensburg, fronting 36 feet on Ogle street on the north and running back 264 feet along Mary Ann street to Triumph street and adjoining lot No. 2 on the west, known on the plan of said borough as lot No. 1 in square 57, having a two-story frame house, a stable and outbuildings thereon erected.

Also, all those two certain lots of ground situate in the West Ward of said borough of Ebensburg, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on Ogle street, thence by said street, west 132 feet to a post, thence by lot No. 1, south 264 feet to a post, thence by Triumph street east 132 feet to a post, thence by lot No. 1, north 264 feet to the place of beginning and being known on the plan of the borough of Ebensburg as lots Nos. 2 and 3 on square 57, having a building used as a slaughter house thereon erected.

Also, all that certain lot of ground situate in the West Ward of said borough of Ebensburg, bounded and discribed as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on the south side and 46 of Spruce Alley 16 perches to a post, thence east along the north side of Triumph street 4 perches to a post, thence north 31½ perches to a post, thence 16 perches to a post, thence west along the south side of Ogle street 4 perches to the place of beginning, being known as lot No. 4 on square No. 57, having on the same a frame dwelling house.

Also, all that piece, parcel or lot of ground situate in the township of Cambria, in said county of Cambria described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence north 31½ perches to a post, thence east 81 perches to a post, thence south 31½ perches to a post, thence west 81 perches to the place of beginning, adjoining land of Thomas Griffith, heirs of David H. Roberts, deceased, John Williams, Abel Lloyd and others, containing 15 acres and 32 perches.

Also, all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in said township of Cambria, adjoining lands of John Wilman, Bunford, Abel Williams, S. Lloyd and Griffith J. Jones, containing 114 acres, more or less.

Also, all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Carroll, in said county of Cambria, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on the Ebensburg road, thence by land of heirs of John Bennett north 88½ degrees, west 114 perches to a post, thence by land formerly of Peter Hoover, now of William P. Ash and Joseph Horeland, south 1½ degrees, west 76 perches to a post, thence by land formerly of Emanuel Dishart north 87 degrees, east 150 perches to a post on the Ebensburg road, thence along said road south 12 degrees, west 72 perches to a post, thence south 12 degrees, west 46 perches to a post, thence south 9 degrees, west 44 perches to the place of beginning, containing 120 acres and 72 perches, strict measure, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, a frame barn and outbuildings. There is a good orchard on the premises. This farm is situate about three miles from Carrolltown on the old road from Ebensburg to Carrolltown.

Terms.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of the sale, the balance of one-third at the confirmation of the sale, and one-third in six months, the remainder in twelve months from confirmation of the sale, deferred payments to bear interest, and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOHN A. BLAIR,
Assignee of Joseph Gutwald.

Ebensburg, March 30, 1888.—3t.

NOTICE.—The Union County Mutual Live Stock Insurance Company of Mifflinsburg, Pa., has left the accounts of those indebted to them in Cambria county with me for collection. All those knowing themselves indebted will please call promptly and settle their respective assessments and save costs.

108 Franklin St., Johnstown, Pa.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Edward Lynch, deceased, of Summerhill township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES GALLAGHER, Adm'r.

Summerhill Twp., March 30, 1888.

TREASURER'S SALE

—OF—

SEATED AND UNSEATED

Lands and Lots

—IN—

Cambria County.

A. D. 1888.

I, THOMAS E. HOWE, Treasurer of Cambria county in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in pursuance of the several Acts of Assembly in said Commonwealth directing the time and manner of selling unseated lands for taxes, do hereby give notice that the following tracts of unseated lands and lots of ground in the said County of Cambria, or such parts thereof as may be necessary to pay arrearages of taxes due thereon for one year or more, will be offered for sale at the Court House in the borough of Ebensburg, on the second Monday, being the 11th day of June, next, and continue by adjournment from day to day until the whole be sold for such arrearages of taxes and costs necessarily accuring thereon.

Unseated Lands.—1886-7.

NAMES OF OWNERS OR WARRANTEES.

ACRES.	P'LS.		TAXES.
		Adams Township.	
449		John Anderson	$ 55 06
429		John Morrison	54 94
440		Valentine Oiler	55 06
118	55	Martin McDonald	15 12
120	114	Martin M. McDonald	15 12
533	40	Robt. Reed	54 38
401		Jacob Clement	50 20
400		Ferdinand Gerdan	50 10
50		D. F. Shoemaker	12 40
81		Thomas Smith, (part)	9 52
400		" O'Neill	50 10
400		H. M. Neal	50 10
158		Seymore & Wentz	20 18
800		James Sawyer	99 70
150		Geo. W. Victory	19 20
236		Thomas Donahoe	31 10
217		Thomas Donahoe	27 70
135		Thomas Donahoe	17 20
397		John Fulton et. al	25 13
		Barr Township.	
108		Thomas Edwards (part)	13 68
14		Owen D. Williams	2 24
100		John Rice	12 70
150		Gray & Wyland	11 22
149		Fred & Geo. Snyder	6 78
100		John Thomas	12 60
		Blacklick Township.	
162		J. C. Martin (Sassafras Graf)	21 86
50		Gabriel Boring, (Snyder)	7
513		Mary Evans	67 45
100		Cambria Land Co	13 50
343		Emanuel Brallier	57 39
7		William Cameron	1 42
160		Cambria Land Co	16 16
		Cambria Township.	
80		William Burnhamer	7 82
25		Jno. Boyd	2 76
50		William Linton	5 09
192		R. H. Tuder	12 80
174		Jos. Dunnire	16 43
		Chest Township.	
200		William Parker	121 10
452	44	Anthony Simon	182 19
452	44	Nathan Longhborough	182 19
321	92	Thomas Ketland	86 92
434		John Ashly	143 89
201	63	Thomas Masters	67 83
147	28	John Ketland	44 78
123	80	Henry Phillips	36 12
212	44	Samuel Ruth	90 93
50		James Fryer	12 92
100		Foster & Gilson	27 30
405	106	James Ruth	160 04
127		William Fryer	60 78
155	137	Simon Walker	84 18
73		David D. Carson	20 05
		Clearfield Township.	
33		Samuel Calvin	8 43
100		A. & F. Flynn	25 55
200		Fiske & Blair	55 85
130		Martin McMullen, est.	36 96
200		Congdon & Hartman	50 95
1229		James Condron	439 95
		Carroll Township.	
		Sebastian Luther	15 84
48		John Weber	7 61
		Conemaugh Township.	
300	129	Richard Smith	104 60
		Joseph Hogue's lots	3 28
		Croyle Township.	
11	99	Samuel S. Neal	4 65
7		P. M. & J. Brown	2 22
34		P. M. & J. Brown	8 80
9		Geo. Heather	2 71
18		John Leavell	21 42
		George Heather, 1 lot	1 38
		C. B. Ellis, 1 lot No. 3	2 16
		C. B. Ellis, 1 lot No. 4	2 16
14		Thomas Croyle, est	1 33
		Dean Township.	
72		Morris Wolf	12 68
369		Henry Wolf	59 56
131		Henry Davis	21 44
119		Joseph Davis	18 10
125		James Jones	20 50
200		Hell & Blair	80 80
40		John Rose	5 90
424		John Fisher	70 46
433		Jacob Harris	69 76
433		John Harrison	69 76
200		John Brotherline	33 30
200		John Brotherline	32 50
400		Patrick Kelly	112 50
200		Patrick Kelly	32 50
200		Patrick Such	32 50
200		James Harris	30 24
404		Joseph Harris	66 90
200		William Barton	72 50
200		Ezekiel Farmer	64 50
116		William Tudor	18 90
220		Jesse Hush	53 30
230		Lewis Wolf	75 84
230		Reilly & Sergeant	96 50
400		Andy Graydon	64 50
200		James Bryson	28 50
71		Jno. S. Colbert	28 90
400	142	James Jones	69 44
		Elder Township.	
122		Foster & Gilson	40 76
200		Andrew Weaver	66 50
34		Jas. Cunningham	11 72
50		Jos. Thomas	33 50
		Gallitzin Township.	
48		M. M. Adams	14 42
100		Aaron Brown	33 15
50		Mary Hamner	9 20
100		Nicholas Bell	44 00
1		John K. Kennedy, (mineral)	1 37
275		John Hay, (mineral right)	136 80
142		John Gray	62 66
80		James Condron	79 79
1		Neal Gillen, adm'r	1 08
1		J. T. Christy	1 20
		Jackson Township.	
100		John Hubley	17 75
46		Thomas White	21 39
25		Geo. H. Douglass	6 04
61		Philip Alwine	18 14
288		Thos. Wisdom	94 54
440		Wise & Brother	91 58
42		Alex. Hunter	8 78
35		Daniel Farley	7 74
200		John Ferguson	62 92
59		David M. Pringle	8 61
50		W. H. Sechler	7 40
100		Samuel White	14 20
160		Andrew White	41 90
200		Daniel Black	28 10
309		John Black	43 13
350		Andrew Black	41 90
300		David Black	41 90
50		John Snyder	10 85
		Portage Township.	
200		Fred Hurton	41 50
200		Samuel Hinton	41 50
439		Geo. Gutwald	69 50
130		H. & Z. Zeller	21 82
90		Wm. S. McConnell	14 22
70		Thomas McConnell, est	12 08
900		Kimports	148 10
		Reade Township.	
234		Robt. Atkins	64 74
209	7	P. A. A. Flynn	64 90
433		Patrick Borland	64 14
433		Bells Gap R. R. Co	64 58
140		John Bannon, Jr	21 42
217		Barger & Gross	80 78
434		Barger & Gross	161 08
174	108	Thomas Sanborn	28 92
434	3	Morris Such	64 74
434	3	Martin Such	64 74
415		Morris Bush	61 92
159		Henry Bush	23 82
200		Joseph Horeland	15 30
76		Henry Such	10 86
104		David Jackson	11 80
100		Henry Kepple	15 30
200		William Horton	30 10
60		John Servers	7 90
274	113	Reilly & Sargeant	39 06
300		Garnett & Cattinger	44 90
32		John H. Fiske	6 06
25		John Brown	6 06
100		W. H. Woods	30 10
67		Geo. M. Reade	25 28
136		Chas. Rastead	19 00
200		John Bell	30 10
1040		Hon. John Dean	462 26
153		Jas. C. Grinch	22 95
9		John Hollen	1 24
95		B. T. Bell	7 54
433		Troxell & Glasgow	16 52
		Stonycreek Township.	
10		S. H. Smith	4 03
7		Lewis Plitt	2 95
		Summerhill Township.	
439	80	Jacob Nagle	77 84
439	80	Henry Woods	77 84
439	80	James Datton	77 84
439	80	James Seawright	77 84
100		Wilson Hunt	18 10
93		Ebenester Brankaun	16 98
440		Wm. Smith, D. D	77 94
72		Wm. Smith, D. D., (part)	13 07
370	40	Israel Jones	65 62
		Susquehanna Township.	
100		Joseph Thomas	34 92
		Washington Township.	
400		J. R. McFarland	77 30
400		Richard Constantine	77 30
352		Simon Roop	72 48
200		Sechler & Clark	62 30
50		S. H. Lemrod	22 90
5		John A. Kennedy	2 16
349		James Kennler	134 63
21		John Haines, (part)	8 56
14		Wm. Kennler, (part)	5 88
43		H. S. Smith & Co	23 48
50		Sophia Hurd	9 82
		West Taylor Township.	
30		Sechler & Peelor	4 60
228		Calvin M. Galbraith	36 06
		White Township.	
302		Simon Walker	97 20
400		Henry Philips	126 47
327		Henry Philips	129 47
183		James Wilson	49 30
25		Walters & Dillon	7 14
449		Alex. Brown	180 10
394		Thomas Brown	233 10
402		William Harris	168 80
286		John Harris	87 44
429		John Harris	87 44
521		James Read	279 45
336		James Thompson	108 60
456		Thomas Sanburn	182 20
170	93	Simon Walker	68 50
312		Henry Philips	152 62
385		Henry Philips	152 62
500		Samuel Calvin	169 50
250		Curry & Jones, assignee	80 50
10		Matthew Cowan	4 50
65		Hon. John Dean	26 50
114		Frederick Mollenaux	3997
545		James Stephenson	218 50
30		Abraham Matthews	10 10
406	142	James Jones	418 97
		Lower Yoder Township.	
200		Johnson Heirs	11 81
224		Joseph Gates	10 38
100		James P. McConahey	4 85
85		James S. Williams	4 80

Seated Lands.—1885-6.

A.	H.	L.	TAXES.
		Adams Township.	
1150		Cambria Coal & Iron Co	66 07
80		" " "	5 07
		Thos. Donahoe	5 54
256		" "	16 26
302		Patrick McGough & Co	40 74
306		" "	41 31
1	1	M. B. Snyder	4 53
40		Daniel Fyock	4 53
50		Levi Orris est	6 32
		Asheville Independent School District.	
80		James Condron	2 72
		Barr Township.	
60		Joseph Glan	10 29
174		Alex. Irwin	25 34
20		A. F. Jackson	2 79
100		Jno. D. Jones	13 78
50		Wm. A. Evans	2 66
20		Wilter Jackson	3 85
100		A. J. Boland, est	13 80
90		Gittings & Edwards	8 72
15		J. McDonald	3 85
41		Michael Snyder	3 20
41		William Williams	3 20
63		Hugh Dougherty	1 55
40		Lorent Wyland	2 58
50		Lorenz Wyland	2 10
67		Fred. Shultz	1 25
30		Joseph Gardner	4 10
140		Fred. & Geo. Snyder	5 67
100		Jno. Thomas	4 91
100		Gray & Wyland	3 43
		Blacklick Township.	
120		Henry Dishong	14 06
25		Cooley Degraw	2 72
76		J. S. Miller	7 79
3		Jno. A. Razer, (mill)	1 37
116		Jacob Reighard	11 14
51		George Rager	7 05
116		Reade & Co	3 23
50		Wm. M. Chase	3 80
100		Wm. H. Sechler	7 42
100		M. S. Bush	5 42
48		John Dunmire	2 10
44		Christ Leffler	2 19
125		George Findley	5 23
		Munster Township.	
70		Garret Rishon	4 91
100		Samuel Calvin	19 41
100		Jno. C. Noel	18 19
44		James Noon, (of C.)	4 14
		Portage Township.	
397	1	Joseph Borkey, est	2 00
500		A. H. Boyle	50 00
		Henry Harker	9 95
5		Ellen & Rose McLaughlin	12 89
33		Jno. F. Mooney	3 23
50		Francis McConnell	4 64
2		Catharine Parish	1 88
71	1	William Roberts	1 71
99	2	Mrs. Anna B. McGonigle	2 99
67		James F. Savilly & Co	5 78
10		Jno. E. Scanlan	1 93
30	1	Mrs. Griffith, est	1 30
4		Michael Egan	1 00
		Prospect Borough.	
2		James Toohey	1 76
		Reade Township.	
599		Epharim Burkett	175 70
418		Blair & Parker	92 32
32		" "	12 46
32		" "	28 88
113		" "	28 03
182		" "	20 97
433		" "	105 72
433		" "	105 72
153		Scott & Hutchinson	18 61
45		Samuel Hagerty, (mineral)	7 22
49		" "	2 98
	1	S. A. Hartzell	2 98
20		Confer Hollen	3 46
	1	Martin Muilhollen	1 99
	1	G. W. Snyder	1 43
60		Vata A. Bordine, M. R	3 26
	1	Capt. Jeffries	1 01
	1	Geo. F. Slater	1 01
	1	John Wagner, (mill)	9 38
100		John Clark, Sr	3 52
96		John Clark, Sr	3 38
96		P. & H. Flynn	5 47
45		J. C. Gates	2 21
	1	Joseph Lewis	57
	2	Joseph Richey	2 71
		Richland Township	
18		Henry Eash	96
60		" "	3 94
98		" "	2 32
		Stonycreek Township.	
	1	W. R. Clark	72
	1	Jacob Elfrick	88
	1	Jacob C. Fisher	1 01
		Honer & Kurtz	1 13
	1	Mary H. Martin	1 01
	1	Frank Sh

Continued from first page.

"You must go," she said. "I never had any letter from you. Hush! do not speak to me of it—no, nor of him. My life is made; I must live it out. I may not speak to you or look on your face again. Do not take my hand, Victor. Go away. Remember the past is past, and cannot be undone."

She motioned him to go, and he dared not stay. At the door he turned.

"Let me stay, Amy. Amy, you owe him nothing. He has wronged us both. Come with me, Amy, and be happy."

"Happy!" she said, and a wan smile crept over her lips. "No, I should not be happy. You love me, Victor, and you will go away. Victor! I love you, and you will surely go away!"

He went without a word and left her standing there. She sat down again to her work in a few moments, and when Ralph came in from his work all seemed as usual. His wife was quiet, but then she was always quiet now, and no one would have guessed that her heart was broken. Once that evening she looked at him, as he sat studying, long and hard, and murmured, almost unconsciously, "Poor Ralph! he did it for the best."

He asked her what she said, but she answered, "Only a childish trick of talking to myself," and he was satisfied.

In a few months more her baby was born, but it died within a few hours of its birth, and after that she never held up her head, but faded with the flowers.

The morning that she died she called her husband, and as he leaned over her she said:

"Ralph, I want to tell you before I die that I forgive you for keeping back the letter Victor sent me by you. At first I thought it cruel, but now I can see you were tempted sorely, and you thought it best for both. Was it not so? No, don't speak, dear, and don't be sorry for it. I could not have lived—and now—I am tired. Good-by."

He sank on his knees, for once thoroughly unmanned, his self-command all gone. He sobbed out like a child incoherent prayers for forgiveness.

ERNEST ROLAND.

An Alarm Clock under the Sofa.

A mother lately requested her daughter, who is just approaching womanhood, to give her beau a hint that she must not sit up later than 10 o'clock. This the girl was reluctant to do, but her little brother threatened that unless she did he would open the parlor door and announce the maternal edict. The sister supposed that she had put a quietus on her brother by reminding him of his playing hookey and forging his mother's name to excuses from school to go skating, not forgetting to mention the little riding whip his mamma kept in her room. All this, however, was not enough to keep the youth from getting even with Sis's beau for not giving him anything Christmas.

The other evening he got an alarm clock with a bell as loud as the gong on the "Brooklyn Bridge" bob and placed it under the sofa where his sister and her betrothed were to do their spooning. The hands were pointed at 10. The unsuspecting girl heard the tick, but took it to be her lover's Waterbury. He was just tickling her ear with a yarn about a horse his papa was going to buy when the gong sounded. There was a pause—and then, as though understanding the meaning, he grabbed his hat and never stopped running until he struck the door stoop, when he flew. The boy had iced the steps. The little brother now takes a cushion to school with him.

Dogs on the Farm.

Occasionally we may find a dog that is valuable to the owner, but nine out ten dogs cause more trouble and damage than they are worth. And especially on farms where more or less stock is kept. There are but few dogs that can be trursted to drive stock. In a majority of cases if you attempt to drive hogs, cattle, sheep or horses with the dog such as is usually kept upon the farm, more damage will be caused and more extra trouble occasioned than the dogs are worth. How many times have you seen a farmer set his dog on stock to drive them out of a place where they are not wanted, and then and there be obliged to take double the trouble it would have been to have driven them out without the dog and especially in calling him off, leaving out entirely the damage done to the stock. No stock, whether kept for breeding or to fatten, can be worried without more or less loss. Cows that are driven home by a dog that barks at their heads and then at their heels, runs them over the pasture heating them up and working them into a high state of excitement, will nearly always show the effect of this treatment by giving a less quantity of milk. Fattening cattle or hogs lose flesh and breeding stock abort simply because a dog is allowed to worry them unnecessarily.

Not All Profit.

There are some among our readers who, we fear, think farming an exceedingly profitable business, and that any one can make money at it. This is a great mistake, as many have found to their sorrow. We do not wish to mislead any one by giving results of crops obtained under peculiarly favorable circumstances. Farming, like every other calling, has its advantages and its disadvantages. When properly conducted, it will yield a good living, and possibly something more. No one should expect to get rich suddenly in this business. It is a healthful, and in many respects independent and pleasant employment, and one worthy the attention of men of brains. It is not now true, if it ever was, that every dunce can get a better living by farming than by any other occupation. We do not wish to discourage those who are thinking of farming for a life-work, nor, on the other hand, are we willing to glorify it so as to mislead. It is our desire to impress upon all our farmer friends the importance of so conducting their business as to secure the very best results.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison

Cole Finley Anderson, who was on Gen. Hancock's staff during the Civil War, has addressed the following open letter to Senator Ingalls, at Washington:

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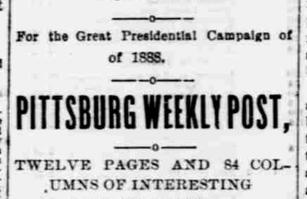

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Different Modes of Potato Culture.

Not a great many years ago in was the practice to plant whole potatoes in such quantities as to form quite a large percentage of the expected yield, which has been succeeded at the present time by the opposite extreme of planting single eyes, leaving ample room between the two methods for cultivators to experiment as to the amount of seed and the methods of cultivation from which the best results may be obtained. Owing to the short crop of last year, seed will be high, and it will be a good time to plant whole small potatoes, such as have been given to the pigs in plentiful years, and with many persons they have all along been preferred to cut seeds. Planting Irish and Scotch grown seeds is unsafe, as those who have experimented with them generally represent them as unsuited to our climate.

There is a general agreement on rows about three and a half feet apart, with hills twelve inches apart in the rows, and one or two eyes in a hill, while at the same time occasional trials with whole seed have yielded larger crops; but so long as cut seed proves satisfactory a majority will no doubt continue its use. It is of no use to plant potatoes on wet, heavy soil; while the ground should not be excessively rich, it should be clean, dry and mellow, and generously fertilized. Where barn yard manure is used, which contains all the necessary elements, it should be well rotted and decomposed, as in its green state it is liable to cause scabby potatoes; where this is not plentiful some reliable commercial article should take its place. Another quite good plan is to spread the barn yard manure and plough it under, and at planting, drill the commercial kind moderately in the rows. This method is practiced in many sections and by it the tubers get the advantages of both kinds of fertilizers, first from the quicker action of the highly concentrated one, and later on from that of the barn yard, a moderate application of both being thought better than the use of either one by itself.

A successful potato grower in Union county, New Jersey, says his practice for several years has been to plant only one eye to a hill, cut from the butts of large potatoes, not using the other end with its more numerous eyes at all. He puts in the rows 600 pounds of some well known brand of commercial manure to the acre, mixes it with the dirt in the rows by drawing a chain through before dropping the seed, and using no other kind. He has always had good crops, even including the present unfavorable year, and believes he can profitably use a ton to the acre of commercial fertilizers whenever the average price of potatoes in this section can be obtained for his crop.

The potato has the habit of degenerating to a degree that has caused the best and favorite varieties of former times to become obsolete, so that even their names are scarcely remembered, and some of the more recent ones, such as the Peach Blow and Early Rose, are giving are to newer seeding varieties, to be themselves displaced hereafter in the same way. If we were dependent on the tubers alone for the propagation of the potato this would be an alarming fact, but fortunately we have in the seed the ready means of rejuvenating the species, and the more than 500 new varieties, many of them surpassing the former excellencies of the parent stock, attest the success of potato specialists in this direction.

In states where the crop can be harvested in May or June, and sometimes as late as July, it is becoming somewhat common to raise a second crop by exposing the small potatoes to the air—but not to the sun—for a couple of weeks or longer, until they become dry and green in color. These are then planted whole, and are dug in the fall for seeds the next year. This seed has not the same tendency to sprout through the winter from a warm cellar as the fully matured tubers. As the small ones used in the summer for the second planting are slow in germinating so soon after being dug, they should be started to sprouting before being planted, by putting them into barrels set in a cool place and sprinkling them daily and covering the barrels with a damp cloth until they show signs of germinating. Flat and hill culture each has its advocates; farmers are more competent to determine from their own experiments, which is best for their own soils than from any advice that can be given. For the same reason, no particular varieties will be recommended for seed, except to say that for the main crop select the ones that from your own experience and that of your neighbors you know to be well adapted to your soil and your market. This, however, is not to be understood as discouraging any one from testing in a moderate way the new varieties confidently recommended by well known specialists, as it is only in this manner that the best can find their way into general use.

Invention of Telegraph Operators.

It is a latent signal transmitter called the telesence. In all former means of communication of this kind the moment the signal was operated at one stand it was transmitted to the second or receiving stand. Such was the case with the telephone, and telegraph, and push button, and railway signals, etc. This made it necessary that there should be some person or instrument at the receiving stand to receive the signals at the instant they were operated, or else the sending operator would have to wait until the receiving operator was at the receiving stand, and also, the receiving operator would have to leave whatever he was at to keep the operator at the sending stand from waiting. Now the principle of this latent signal is that instead of being transmitted immediately, it remains locked up, set or stored at the control of the receiving operator, after it has been set or prepared by the sender. In other words, it is a sort of combination telegraph and phonograph.

Doctors and Churches.

The Doctors of New York City say Speer's Port Grape Wine has proved to be pure, unadulterated, of a fine flavor, and tonic properties, and is unsurpassed for its restorative pewers, and they prescribe it as a very superior wine. Churches use it for communion.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Jay Gould, with all his means, is very economical.

An ox race was run at Port Royal, S. C., recently.

We seldom heartily praise those who do not admire us.

A great waste of energy in a girl—when she hugs another girl.

The deaf man finds some consolation in the hope of a hear-after.

Speaking of bustles, coming events sometimes cast their shadows behind.

Matches left lying around loose caused 626 fires in New York last year.

The keeper of a deaf and dumb asylum understands the mute ability of man.

A Baltimore wife-beater was cowhided by a party of women in that city recently.

A Connecticut farmer, whose son is in prison, has visited him every year for thirty years.

Mrs. D. Giveaway, of Tennessee Pass, Col., gave birth to five bouncing boys the other day.

It is estimated that for the past six years strikes have cost the country $16,000,000 a year.

When you see a man wheeling a baby carriage, you may know that the baby it contains is his first one.

A woman never reaches middle life; she is always young until she gets old enough to boast of her age.

It has been discovered by naturalists that it takes a dog 90 days to forget his old home and take to a new one.

Because a wife does not speak out against some of your habits is no proof that they do not make her unhappy.

The truly illustrious are they who do not court the praise of the world, but perform the actions which deserve it.

The use we make of our fortune determines the sufficiency. A little is enough if used wisely, too much if expended foolishly.

A juryman was arrested recently at Newport, Tenn., for robbing the pockets of his fellow jurymen while out making up a verdict.

The prisoner being asked whether he struck the man in the heat of passion, replied: "No, I struck him in the pit of the stomach."

A Florida paper tells of a lemon just picked that measured fifteen and one half inches and weighed two pounds and two ounces.

Learn in manhood to unlearn the follies of youth, but it is wiser not to learn the follies, and there will be no time wasted in their correction.

If you want to have a man for a friend never get the ill-will of his wife.

Public opinion is made up of the average prejudices of womankind.

There is a family in Lancaster county, Pa., in which there have been five generations of six-fingered persons descended in a stright line.

Andrew Carnegie, the iron prince, who pays one of his foremen a salary of $25,000 a year, did his first work in a Pittsburg telegraph office for $3 a week.

Foreman—In what column shall I put the account of the man who fell and broke his back bone? Editor (busy writing a leader)—Spinal column, of course.

Type made from paper is the latest novelty. A process has been patented in England by which large type used for printing placards can be made from pulp.

A couple, married at Jamaica, L. I., a few days ago, had been engaged for thirty years. They waited for the old folks to remove objections, which they did when they died.

A good many of the Congressmen miss the free passes they enjoyed before the days of the inter-state commerce law, and think their salaries ought to be increased as a compensation.

A girl said to her friend who was about to marry a homely old millionaire; "How can you bear to think of spending your honeymoon in Paris with such a homely creature?" "I do not think of it a as a honeymoon, my dear, but as a moneymoon," was the reply.

Liberty Corners, Sussex county, New Jersey, has a haunted tavern. Ten years ago the landlord had a terrible fight with a bear in his woodshed one night. The bear was killed but not until it had inflicted mortal wounds upon the man. At intervals ever since the ghost of the man and bear have been seen engaged in fierce combat.

Two Girls.

There is a girl, and I love to think of her and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend upon and look to for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother.

In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired stiff fingers that falter at their work; her strong young figure is a staff upon which the gray haired, white-faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother. And when there comes a day when she must bend over the old worn out body of mother lying unheedful in her coffin, her rough hands folded, her long disquiet merged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helps mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The girl who works—God bless her!—is another girl whom I know. She is brave and active. She is not too proud to earn her own living or ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious and painstaking and patient. She smiles at you from behind counter or desk. There is a memory of her sewn into each silken gown. She is like a beautiful mountaineer already far up the hill, and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. It is an honor to know this girl—to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained by factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest hand and a helping hand. It stays misfortune from many homes; it is one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the almshouse and the asylum.

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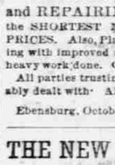

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Farm Notes.

It has been demonstrated that a farmer can produce animals for market preponderating in lean or fat, as preferred and the demand is increasing for carcases that excel in lean. It has so been accepted that the best carcases should also contain a fair proportion of fat. The whole matter depends on the cost of production, and in considering the cost not only the food allowed to the animals but the ultimate effect on the soil enter into the questions of profit or loss. The main point, after all, is the amount of fertility the wealth of the farm will be passing away. Choice lean meat sells at a higher price in market because it is of better quality for the table; but whether the difference in price between fat and lean meat will compensate for the difference in the elements required for their production depends on the mode of producing the meat and the manner of procuring the food. It is possible to pay for greater portion of the food and convert it into beef or pork, securing the manure, and thereby realize a fair profit, but the same may be done in producing animals that preponderate in fat. So far as procuring the materials from the soil is concerned it may be stated that fat really costs nothing, though there is an expense incurred in securing it through the labor employed. Fat is derived from the food produced by plants, and plants during growth derive their fat (carbon) from the carbonic acid and gas of the atmosphere through the agency of the leaves. Scientists are agreed that carbon cannot be applied to growing plants by way of the soil and roots. Lean meat, on the contrary, is composed largely of nitrogen (the most expensive element in fertilizers), which must be procured and applied to the soil. Butter is a product also that is really almost carbonless so far as the soil elements are concerned; but the skim milk takes from the soil the nitrogen and phosphates. A farm can never be impoverished by selling butter therefrom, but it can be reduced in fertility when milk is carried off unless the elements be supplied in some other form. It may be profitable, however, to sell lean meat in preference to fat by securing a higher price for the whole carcass, the additional price added by the lean meat also increasing the price of the fat. A steer weighing 1500 pounds sold at an increase of only 1 cent per pound will more than pay for the cost of the difference due for the more valuable elements, and in that manner the fertility of the soil can be maintained. Fat, however, is also valuable as a marketable material, and it therefore will pay the farmer to have his animals fat and the meat well interspersed with lean, so as to combine both weight and quality at the least cost.

Leaks About the Farm.

The manure pile is exposed to the summer and winter rains, and a great part of its valuable constituents are lost.

The barn has a poor roof, and the crops are injured after being housed.

The barn is full of holes so that the stock is in an uncomfortable state. Feeding cattle eat a great deal but do not fatten, while milking cows yield only half what they should.

Stacking crops which should be sheltered in the barn.

Holding crops for better prices, forgetting the loss of interest and the losses from shrinkage, mice, insects, etc.

Farming so as to get half a crop, where a whole crop should have been produced. Interest and labor on the half crop cost just as much as on a whole crop.

Cheap hired help.

Farming more acres than can be attended to.

Watering the stock in a running stream, thus losing a large amount of their droppings.

From wide fence corners grown up with weeds.

From being too busy to think before acting.

All money dropped into the till of the village tavern.

All money spent for tobacco.

The total loss of the contents of the privy vault, as is common on most farms.

Not hiring enough to keep the work ahead.

Allowing the buildings to go without paint.

Car Riding Before the War.

People who travel nowadays in Pullman sleepers and buffet cars can't imagine what railroading used to be before the war in the west. Now the percentage of deaths by accident on railroads is very small. Then a man took his life in his hand when he made a trip on the railroad. The rails then were known as strap rails, flat pieces of iron spiked down to the wooden beams laid along the track. Every now and then a wheel of a car would tear one end of a rail loose and it would fly up through the bottom of the car and then smash its way through, killing anybody it struck and breaking the woodwork of the car all to pieces.

I was an express messenger in those days on a road running between Cincinnati and Indianapolis. One day one of these rails broke through my car, struck my safe, and then came squirming and twisting like a snake at me. I tried to dodge it, but it seemed to bend all over the car in a second, and it caught my breeches, tearing them clear off one leg. If it had struck my body I would have been nailed to the roof by it, as it went on out that way. Sometimes these broken rails threw the train off the track, but generally the cars bowled merrily along over the break, and the passengers were so accustomed to being shaken up that they didn't know that anything extraordinary had happened until some one told them.

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